



LITERARY *cavalcade*

TEACHER EDITION • JANUARY, 1955 • VOL. 7, NO. 4

Lesson Plans

Topics for Discussion

Activities

Vocabulary

Reading Lists

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- to deepen literary appreciation.
- to instill moral and spiritual values.
- to stimulate an awareness of social, moral, and economic issues important to youth.

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In the last four issues *Literary Cavalcade* has presented selections from: Charles A. Lindbergh, T. S. Eliot, Maureen Daly, Ludwig Bemelmans, Arthur Miller, Herman Wouk, Jessamyn West, Heywood Broun, Phyllis McGinley, Dylan Thomas, George Orwell, John Masefield . . . and there are many more to come!

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Literary Cavalcade acquaints students with a variety of literary forms by presenting in each issue: a short story; a one-act or TV play; a book condensation; an essay; humor; poetry; a short story; biography; an article or picture essay on science, travel, art, etc.

... **WITH SUCH MOTIVATION FOR COMPOSITION**

Through its column section devoted to student writing, and its presentation of the annual Scholastic Writing Awards, *Literary Cavalcade* provides a remarkable incentive to original student writing. Each issue also features a "how to do it" section on composition.

... **SO ATTRACTIVELY PRESENTED**

Colorful and dramatic illustrations; reproductions of famous art and photography; special features on crafts, architecture, painting, films . . . add an extra dividend to the good reading in each issue. *Literary Cavalcade* is, in a broad sense, an introduction to the arts.

Teaching Suggestions for This Issue

Short-Short Story

Vital Factor (p. 3)

Like many stories that may be classed as science fiction, "Vital Factor" possesses not only a swift-paced plot, but a wry moral twist at the ending. This story of an industrial tycoon who is determined to be the first man to conquer space might also be the story of many tyrants whose ideals of achievement have been motivated by pride and ambition. This analogy may be pointed up to students by calling their attention to the lines of verse which preface the story in the original book:

*Whom shall we send
In search of this new world?
Whom shall we find Sufficient?*

—Milton

These lines, from *Paradise Lost* (Book II, ll. 402-404), are from the scene in *Paradise Lost* in which Satan and his followers are discussing the invasion of earth. These former angels have been cast into hell after their rebellion against heaven, and are now seeking to establish their own evil empire. They have heard that God has

recently created the earth, and are determined to show their power by invading and corrupting "this new world." They are defeated, just as Crowder is defeated in this story, by the inevitable triumph of more admirable motives over wrong ones.

Film: Animal Farm (p. 7)

This three-page pictorial preview of the English-made Louis de Rochemont cartoon film is a means of preparing students to profit from what the film has to offer. Such preparation may well be indicated, as the production itself moves rapidly and tensely to its conclusion. In addition, the political symbolism might not be immediately apparent to the student on a single viewing of the movie.

Point out to students that animal fables have long been a means by which writers have made serious and often critical comments on human activities. (*Aesop's Fables* and the fables of La Fontaine are examples.) Then go over with them the historical parallels to the situations and characters in *Animal Farm* which are explained in

the text that accompanies the illustrations.

Some students may be interested in reading *Animal Farm* in its entirety before they see the film (Harcourt Brace, 1946, and reissued this winter). Others, who have seen the film or read the book, may be interested in suggesting what additions Orwell might have made to his story if it had been written in 1954, after Stalin's death and the succession of Malenkov.

TV Play (p. 23)

While the script of *Thank You, Dr. Russell* is written for production on TV, it may be adapted for presentation in the classroom or on the assembly stage. Here are some suggestions as to adaptations that may be made:

1. Present the play as a "preliminary reading" by a TV cast and director. Have the director sit at a table, with the actors seated around him, as he explains what the audience will see on the screen. His oral explanation will consist of the information given in the italicized directions. The lines of dialogue will be read by the actors.

2. Have the actors appear and move onstage as the directions indicate, but use a narrator (on stage or heard through an offstage mike) to fill in the necessary information for the spectators. The narrator's function will be to describe the various changes in setting while the actors rearrange themselves on stage.

3. Produce the script as a radio drama, revising the directions in the style that a radio narrator would use. Make a tape recording of the reading.

Suggested Writing Assignment: Much of the material in this play would lend itself to short-story treatment. A short story or sketch, for instance, might be written around one of the following ideas:

1. Alan Martin's troubles at Chadwick Preparatory School, told from his own point of view, or from the point of view of a fellow-student.

2. The story of Alan's father, suggesting reasons for his inability to understand his son, his mistakes in bringing him up.

3. Mr. Turner's story: his disappointment at not being made headmaster, the reasons for that disappointment; his attitude toward Dr. Russell, and how that attitude changed—if it did.

Highlights of This Issue

Cress Delahanty, by Jessamyn West (p. 28)

The story of a teen-age girl in the process of finding herself, and of her parents, who stood by and watched. Perceptively observed by one of our foremost writers of short stories, novels and essays. And, as so many of this author's writings, meaningful for boys as well as girls, adults as well as students.

Animal Farm (p. 7)

A pictorial preview of the new full-length cartoon film, *Animal Farm*, produced in England by Louis de Rochemont, and based on George Orwell's widely-quoted political fable of the same title. A telling comment on a great modern delusion—the history of communism in Soviet Russia.

Banner in the Sky, by James Ramsey Ullman (p. 10)

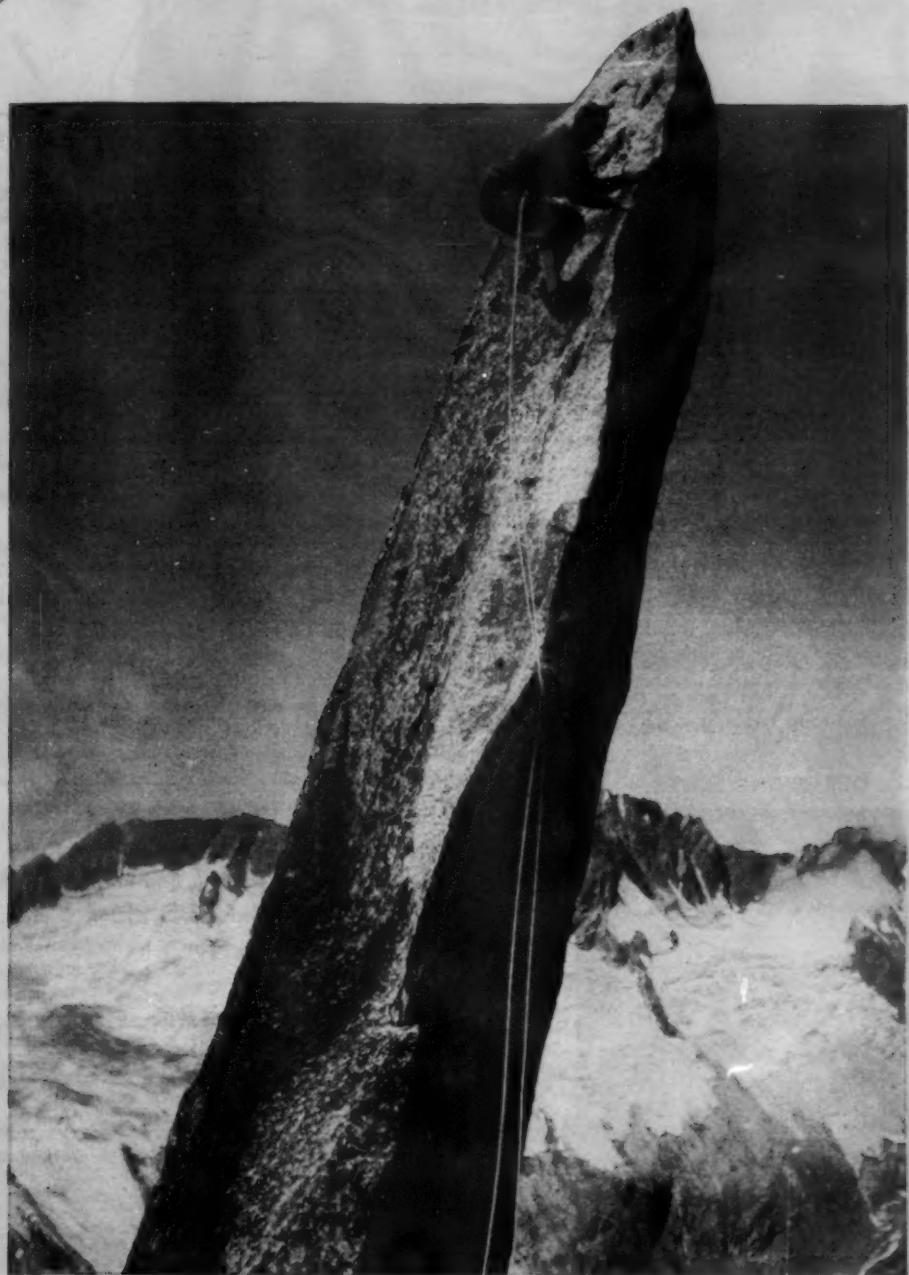
An excerpt from a recent novel by an outstanding chronicler of man's unceasing attempts to scale the mountaintops of the world (*The White Tower*, *The Age of Mountaineering*, etc.). Written for teen-agers, and set in the year 1865, when the great challenge of the Alpine Peaks was just beginning to be met.

Thank You, Dr. Russell, a TV Script (p. 23)

An absorbing drama about a "problem boy" and a teacher who understood the importance of personal integrity. Adaptable for classroom or assembly presentation.

LITERARY *Caravade*

A MONTHLY FOR ENGLISH CLASSES PUBLISHED BY SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES



Perched on a Needle • Photograph by Josef Brun • See page 10

LITERARY CAVALCADE, a Magazine
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OUR FRONT COVER



This breath-taking photograph was snapped by Swiss photographer Josef Brun—and appears in the 1955 U.S. Camera Annual. (Turn to p. 10.)

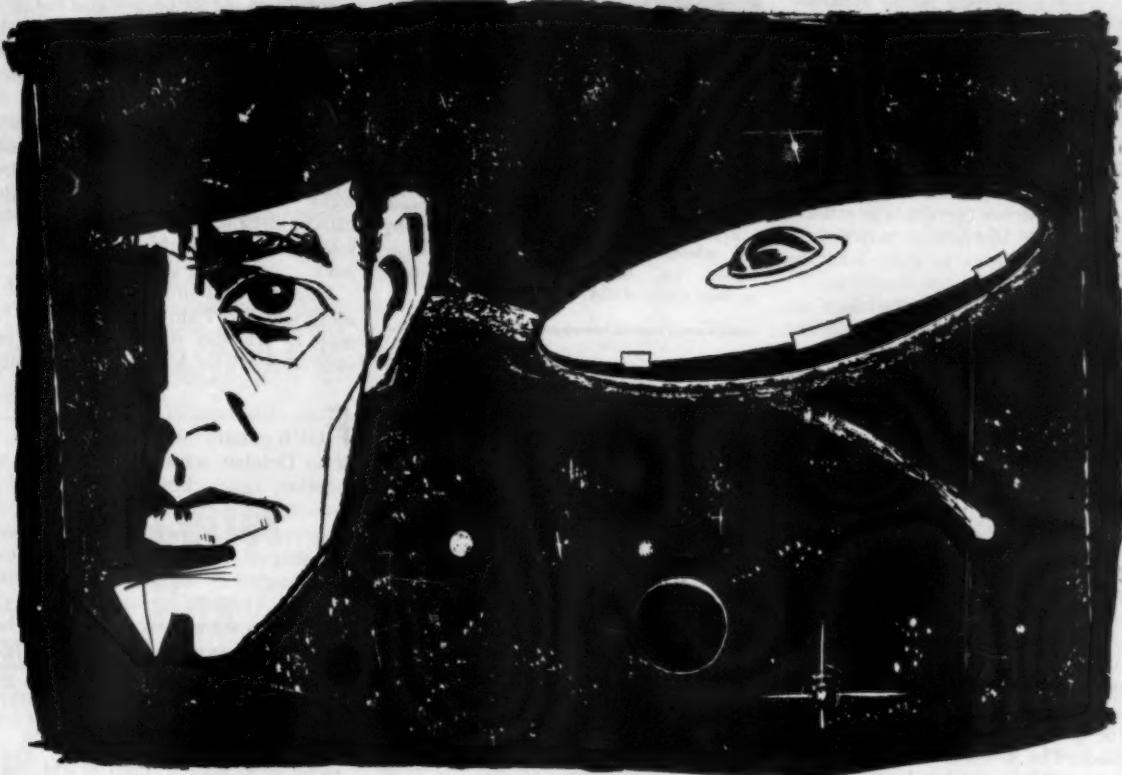


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VOLUME 7 • NUMBER 4 • JANUARY, 1955

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Power and ambition built his ship—or was there something more to it?

WAYNE CROWDER called himself a forceful man. Those who knew him best (none knew him really well) substituted adjectives somewhat less flattering. He was, they said, a cold and ruthless man; a man of iron will and icy determination; a man with a heart to match his granite jaw. Not cuning, dishonest or unfair. Just hard. A man who wanted his own way—and got it.

In an era that sees more fortunes lost than gained, Crowder proved his ability and acumen by getting rich. Even in these days of exaggerated material and labor costs this can be done by a bold, determined man who admits no obstacles. Wayne Crowder did it. He patented a simple household product needed by everyone, sold it at a penny profit that crushed all would-be competition, and made himself a multi-millionaire despite the staggering levies of the Department of Internal Revenue. He built himself a towering structure and placed his private office at its peak. He dwelt in the clouds, both figuratively and literally. In sense and essence, those whom he employed were his underlings.

A man of ice and stone and ink and

steel, they called him. And in the main, their judgment was correct.

But he surprised them.

One afternoon he said to his secretary, "Get me my engineers."

The engineers sat deferentially before his massive desk. Wayne Crowder told them crisply, "Gentlemen—I want you to build me a spaceship."

The engineers eyed him, and then each other, a bit apprehensively. Their spokesman cleared his throat.

"A spaceship, sir?"

"I have decided," said Crowder, "to be the man who gives spaceflight to mankind."

One of the experts said, "We can design you such a ship, sir. That part is not too hard. The fundamental blueprint has been in existence for many years; the submarine is its basis. But—"

"Yes?"

"But the motor that will power such a ship," said the engineer frankly, "we cannot provide. Men have searched for it for decades, but the answer is not yet found. In other words, we can build you a ship, but we can't lift that ship from Earth's surface."

"Design the ship," said Crowder, "and I will find the motor you need."

The chief engineer asked, "Where?"

VITAL FACTOR

A Short Short Story by NELSON BOND

Illustrated by Charles Beck

Reprinted by permission of the author from *No Time Like the Future*, a short story collection by Nelson Bond, published by Avon. Copyright, 1954, by Nelson Bond.

Crowder answered, "A fair question. And my answer is: I do not know. But somewhere in this world is a man who does know the secret—and will reveal it if I provide the money to convert his theory to fact. I'll find that man."

"You'll be besieged by crackpots."

"I know it. You men must help me separate the wheat from the chaff. But anyone who shows up with a promising idea, however fantastic it may sound, shall have a chance to show what he can do."

"You mean you'll subsidize their experiments? It will cost a fortune!"

"I have a fortune," said Crowder succinctly. "Now get to work. Build me the ship, and I will make it fly."

WAyne CROWDER summoned the newsmen. Their stories were spectacular, amusing. Press syndicates took jeering delight in offering the world the magnate's offer of one hundred thousand dollars in cold cash to the man who would make it possible for a vessel to rise from this planet. But the stories circulated to the distant corners of the globe; the offer was transmitted in a dozen tongues.

The prediction of the engineers was verified. The Crowder office building became a Mecca and a haven for the lunatic fringe of humanity; their blueprints and scale models clogged its corridors, their letters were an inky deluge that threatened to engulf the expanded staff of clerks employed to sort, examine, scrutinize each scheme. Crowder himself saw only those few who passed the winnowing screen of the corps. Most of these he eventually turned away, but some he placed on a retaining wage and set to work. He poured a prince's ransom into the construction of new laboratories. His wide proving grounds became the bedlam workshop for upward of a score of would-be conquistadors of space.

The weeks rolled by; the spaceship designed by the engineers left the blueprint stage and went into construction. But still no subsdee had made good his boast that his pet engine—of steam or explosive, gas or atomic, or whatever fuel—would lift the metal monster from Earth's surface. Many tests were made. Some were comic, some tragic. But all were failures.

Still Crowder did not swerve.

"He will come," he said. "Money and determination will buy anything. One day he will appear."

And he was right. One day there came to his office a stranger. He was a small man. He looked even smaller in that tremendous room. He was an unusual visitor in that he carried no briefcase fat with blueprints, schematics, or formulae. He was unusual in that he neither blushed nor deferred



Author Nelson Bond can take credit for over 300 published stories and seven books, most of them, like the tale on these pages, in the field of science-fiction. Recently he says he has also turned his typewriter to s-f television plays. He lives in Roanoke, Va., has been a professional writer since 1938.

to his host. He was a pleasant little stranger, birdlike of eye and movement.

He said, "My name is Wilkins. I can power the ship you want."

"So?" said Crowder.

"But it will be unlike that meaningless huge bullet your engineers are building. Rockets are a foolish waste of time. My motor requires a different sort of vessel."

"Where are your plans?" asked Crowder.

"Here," and he tapped his head.

Crowder said impassively, "I am supporting a score of others who claim the same. None has been successful. What makes you think your idea will work?"

"The flying disks," replied the little man.

"Eh?"

"I've solved their secret. My idea is based on the principle that lets them fly. Electromagnetism. Utilization of the force of gravity. Or its opposite: counter-gravity."

"Thank you very much," said Crowder. "Now if you'll excuse me—"

"Wait!" bade the little man. "There is one thing more. There is *this*."

He drew from his pocket a metal object the size and shape of an ashtray. He suspended it over Crowder's desk and took his hand away. It hung there in midair. Crowder touched it. A gentle tingling stirred his fingertips, but the object did not fall. Crowder sat down again slowly.

"Enough," he said, "What do you want?"

"For my services," said Wilkins, "you have already set a fair price. Three other things. A workshop in which to build a pilot model. Expert assistance. And an answer."

Crowder's brows lifted. "An answer?"

"An answer to one question. Why do you want so much to build this ship?"

"Because," said Crowder frankly, "I love power. Because I am ambitious. I would be the first to conquer space because to do so will make me greater, richer, stronger, than any other man. I would be the master, not merely of one world, but of worlds."

"An honest answer," said Wilkins, "if a strange one."

"What other could there be?"

"There could be mine," said the little man thoughtfully. "I would leave this planet and go elsewhere—to Mars, perhaps—because there are strange beauties yet to find. Because there will be scarlet sunsets over barren wastes, and in the star-strewn night the thin, cold air of a dying world stirring in restless sighs across the valleys of the dry canals. Because my soul yearns to set foot on another world as yet untrod by man."

Crowder said brusquely, "You are a sentimentalist. I am a man of logic. No matter. We can work together. Your workshop will be ready in the morning."

FOUR months later, in the smoky haze of an October sunset, the two men sat together again. But not this time in Crowder's tower office. This time they crouched within the cubicle of a small, disk-shaped machine made by Crowder's engineers on plans designed by Wilkins. Outside, great crowds were gathered to witness the test flight. They stirred and murmured, waiting restlessly, as inside the control room of the craft Wilkins installed the final secret part he had not revealed to those who built his driving apparatus.

The little man secured a wire here, made a minute adjustment in another place. Crowder growled impatiently.

"Well, Wilkins? What's holding us up?"

"Nothing now." Wilkins laid down his tools, moved to the outer rim of the curiously shaped craft and raised a metal screen which allowed him to look out upon the proving-grounds. "Or-sentiment, perhaps. A wish to look once more on Earth's familiar scenes."

"You are a maudlin fool," sniffed Crowder, "or else you are afraid. Perhaps you have decided your invention won't work, after all?"

"It will work."

"Then turn on your motor. Let me hear its roar and feel the tug as we cut free of Earth's gravity and fly outward into space."

The little man lowered the port and moved back to the controls. He touched a lever and depressed a key. His hands moved dreamily across the board. Said Crowder fretfully, "I'm beginning to distrust you, Wilkins. If this is all a hoax—When are we going to take off? You said at five sharp, and—he glanced at his watch—"it is now five-oh-two. Well? Do we move?"

"We are already moving," said Wilkins.

Once more he lifted the screen that covered the port. Crowder saw the purple-black of space, cream-splattered with myriad stars. Behind them receding Earth was a toy balloon . . . a dime . . . a firefly.

"By Gad!" cried Crowder, stumbling to his feet. "By Gad, you've done it, Wilkins!"

Wilkins smiled.

A great elation tore at Crowder's breast. He knew emotion at last, this cold, hard man. He cried triumphantly, "Then I was right! There is nothing money and determination cannot buy. I swore to be the man to conquer space, and I've made good. It's a triumph of power and ambition."

"And sentiment," said Wilkins.

"What! Your dreaming would have died a-borning but for me. I made this possible, Wilkins; don't ever forget that. My capital, my forcefulness, my will."

He stared at distant Earth through glowing eyes.

"This is but the beginning," he said. "We'll build a larger model. One great enough to hold a hundred men. We'll launch the first invasion of a world. I'll forge a new empire—on Mars. Turn back now, Wilkins."

"No," said Wilkins. "I think not."

"What? We've proven this ship can fly. Now we'll go back and prepare for greater flights."

"Not so," said the little man. "We will go on."

"What's this?" roared Crowder. "You def me? Are you mad?"

"No," said Wilkins. "Sentimental."

He took off his coat. He took off his necktie and his shirt, slipped off his trousers and his shoes. Beneath his clothing shone another garb, a strange apparel totally unlike anything Crowder had even seen before. A gleaming, tight-knit cloth of golden hue, curiously outlining the quite unhuman aspects of his small physique. He smiled at Crowder, and it was a friendly smile. But it was not the smile of a creature born on Earth.

"Your money and ambition paved the way," said the man from Mars, "but sentiment was the vital factor that sent me to you. You see—I wanted to go home."



Letter Box

What is your opinion? You write it; we'll print it. Address your letters to "Letter Box," Literary Cavalcade, 33 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.

The following letter appeared in our letterbox one morning—we publish it in part. It is addressed to Al Capp, creator of "Li'l Abner" and author of remarks quoted in a humorous piece called Don't Take Them So Young in our October issue. We wonder if other readers feel as Margie does? Why not write and give us your opinion?

Dear Al Capp:

I recently read your article in October's *Literary Cavalcade*, about your two daughters, ages sixteen and fourteen, whom you took to Europe. You tell how they were more interested in John Wayne than in Stratford-on-Avon, and in American food than in French delicacies. This may be true of those two girls, but please, please don't make them an example of typical teen-agers in Europe!

My parents took my sister and me to Europe last summer, when I was fourteen and she was eighteen. We had planned the trip for a long time and were prepared for it. Since we were going to visit Ireland, England, Switzerland, Italy, and France, we read up on their history, famous artists, statesmen, and heroes.

We went to Shakespeare's home in Stratford-on-Avon, and loved it.

You say the only things your daugh-

ters liked were things that reminded them of home. Well, sure—everyone gets homesick. But if these were actually the only things they liked, then I think they missed a lot of fun and thrills.

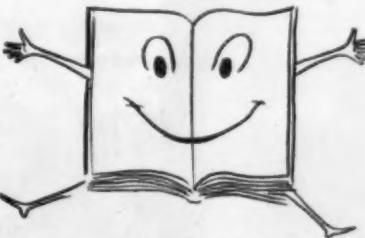
We ate the national food of every country we traveled through, and, though we didn't find anything to compare with Daddy's barbecued steaks, we stuffed ourselves with Italian spaghetti, French duck, and English sole.

We went to see the opera *Tosca* at the ruins of an ancient Roman bath. Of course we didn't understand the language, but we had programs which told the story in English. We loved the music, and we realized that we would probably never see anything like that opera again.

I thought Venice the most beautiful city I've ever seen. How could anyone have gone there and remember only the dirty buildings on the Grand Canal?

Mr. Capp, even though it makes a good story, I don't believe your daughters were really that bored with it all—not really.

Margie Farrell
Evanston (Ill.) Twp. H. S.



From *The Wonderful World of Books*

BANNER IN THE SKY, by James Ramsey Ullman, Lippincott, \$2.75.

You'll find an excerpt from this thrilling story of mountaineering on page 10 of this issue. But this excerpt is only a taste of a first-rate book by one of America's leading mountaineers, explorers, and authors. James Ullman has two teen-age sons, both on their way

to becoming accomplished mountaineers, and wrote this action-packed novel with them in mind.

If the lore of the peaks creeps into your blood, why not tackle Mr. Ullman's big, non-fiction, fascinating book *The Age of Mountaineering*, also recent. (You'll find both books in the "Recent Books" section of your library.)

CRESS DELAHANTY, by Jessamyn West, Harcourt, Brace, \$3.75.

A collection of sixteen loosely connected stories, each a chapter in the life of a serious, whimsical, teen-age girl. And the author is one of America's finest writers. Since this book came out last year, your library will have a copy. See page 28 of this issue for a sample story.

DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS, by Harry Grossett, Lippincott, \$3.75.

Just off the press, this fascinating account of deep sea diving has been written by one of the world's most accomplished divers. The principles and practices of diving are neatly woven into Mr. Grossett's story, which includes such adventures as salvaging gold, being trapped in a sunken troopship, and being nearly murdered underwater at Hong Kong. Diving enthusiasts will probably want to buy this—or "wangle" it as a gift. But you will also find it among your library's "Recent Books."

DREAMBOATS FOR TRUDY, by Mildred Lawrence, Harcourt, Brace, \$2.75.

A summer in Europe with fun-loving, unpredictable Trudy Freeman would be gay in itself. Add a pair of charming—if at times slightly odd-mannered—young men; a bit of mystery lurking in the cobble market streets. Older girls, who may happily recall Mrs. Lawrence's *Tallie* and *Crissy at the Wheel* (for ages 12-14), will be glad she has written something they can enjoy now. All three books should be available now at your library.



EDITORS' NOTE: The French words for the days of the week are: Lundi (Monday), Mardi (Tuesday), Mercredi (Wednesday), Jeudi (Thursday), Vendredi (Friday), Samedi (Saturday), and Dimanche (Sunday).

PARIS—Since television may soon come into its own in France, we have made an effort to write an adaptation of *Dragnet* for French audiences.

The program in French would be called *Drag Filet*. The French theme song would be:

OH/la/LA/LA
OH/la/LA/LA

"My name is Sergeant *Vendredi* [Friday]. My pal is Sergeant *Samedi* [Saturday]. The chief is Captain *Dimanche* [Sunday]. All we want is *les renseignements, sûrement, madame, s'il vous plaît* [the facts, just the facts, Ma'm, if you please]. We're looking for a man named *Lundi* [Monday], *Noir Lundi* [Black Monday], to be exact. He killed a girl named *Mardi* [Tuesday]. We're going to find out who did it, madame, if it takes us all week."

A woman screams.

"I'm sorry, madame, we don't want anything but *les renseignements, sûrement, les renseignements, sûrement*, that's all we want. Let's start again. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

OH/la/LA/LA
OH/la/LA/LA

"Sergeant *Samedi* [Saturday] and I were at the Cafe de la Paix, when the call came in 'Go to Rue Octobre, off the Boulevard *Quatre-Septembre*. A girl has been murdered in *sangfroid*'.

"The girl *Mardi* was dead. Her body was on the sidewalk. Her *Quatre Chevaux* [four horses] were whimpering on the curb. *Samedi* and I had to get the

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By ART BUCHWALD

From the European Edition
of the *New York Herald Tribune*

get anywhere we got a tip from a man named *Printemps* [Spring], who had spent the previous *hiver* [winter] in the *bagne* [bath]. He had seen *Mardi* [Tuesday] with *Lundi* [Monday] and *Mercredi* [Wednesday] on *Jeudi* [Thursday]. They had an argument and said they wouldn't see each other again until the *fin de semaine* [end of the week]. They were supposed to meet at the Fontaine des Quatre Saisons unless *Mardi* changed her mind. Apparently she did, because *Printemps* saw them talking heatedly at the Boulevard *Quatre Septembre*, which just brought them into *Automne*.

"*Lundi* had a knife and pulled it on *Mardi*. She fought for her *joie de vivre* [life], but *Lundi* was much stronger.

"Perhaps if we could find *Mercredi* we could also find *Lundi*. There was only one church in Paris that we hadn't checked. Notre Dame is on the Ile de la Cite**, neither on the Left Bank nor the Right Bank. He had to be there. We searched everywhere but couldn't find him. *Samedi* and I climbed the belfry. There was a hunchback. He was snarling.

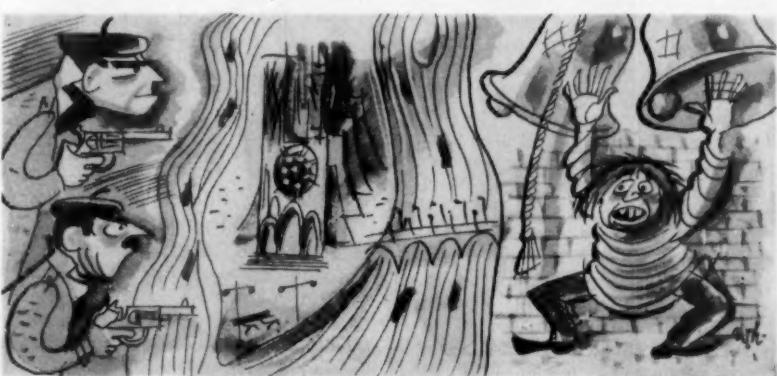
"I said to him: 'The name's *Vendredi*, this is *Samedi*, we're looking for a fellow named *Lundi* who killed the girl named *Mardi* on *Jeudi*. Give us the *renseignements*, please, nothing but the *renseignements*.'

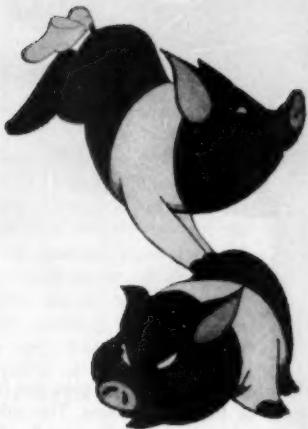
"The hunchback denied everything, and it looked like we were up an *arbre* [tree], but suddenly the whole picture changed. We grabbed the hunchback. 'You're under arrest for the murder of *Mardi*'.

"Who told you it was me?" *Lundi* asked.

"*Samedi* smiled and said: 'It was very simple. The bells tolled.'"

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OH/la/LA/LA

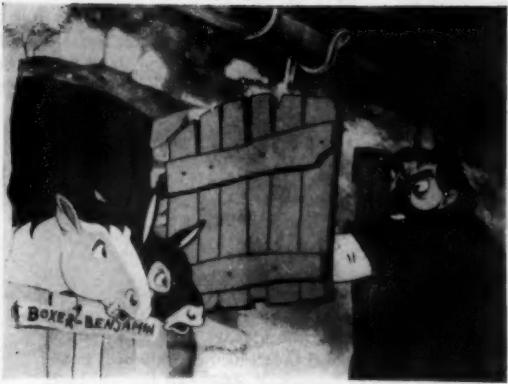




ANIMAL FARM

a full-length cartoon film
based on the famous fable by George Orwell

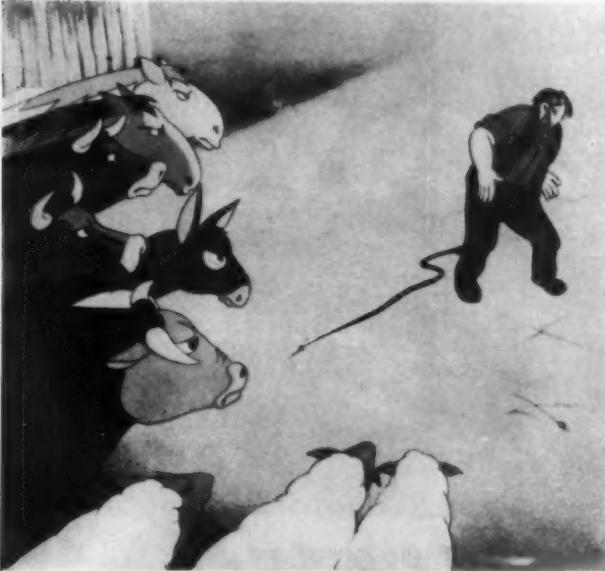
ONE of the most biting of political satires on the history of Russia is a witty little fable called *Animal Farm*. It was written by British author George Orwell in 1946. Two English artists, with producer Louis de Rochemont, have now made a technicolor, animated cartoon film based on this fable. We present scenes on these pages.



"At last the animals could stand it no longer. One morning they broke open the door of the feed bin—and a rebellion against Mr. Jones was on. Almost before the animals knew it, Mr. Jones had fled, and the farm was theirs! They renamed it 'Animal Farm.' They posted a list of laws in a prominent place—on the side of the barn. The most important law read:

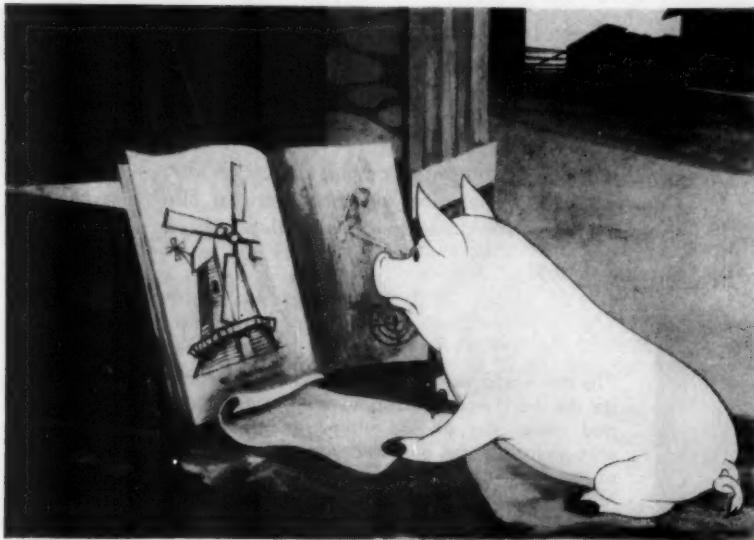
**ALL ANIMALS
ARE EQUAL**

"To the world we all know, which may or may not be the best world possible, once again springtime had come. But all the magic of spring was not enough to brighten one dreary spot. The Manor Farm of Mr. Jones had fallen on evil days. The fields were full of weeds, the buildings wanted roofing, and the animals were sadly neglected and underfed. . . .



(In the underlying political satire, Mr. Jones stands for the Czarist tyranny in Russia. It was overthrown by popular uprising in March, 1917, and a democracy temporarily established.)

"So the animals began to run the farm for themselves. How they toiled! Boxer, the largest horse, won the particular admiration of everyone. And the pigs could think of a way out of every difficulty. The farm went like clockwork. The harvest was bigger than ever. And at the end of each week, the animals held a meeting to plan the work and activities for the week ahead.



"At these meetings the pigs put forward most of the suggestions. The other animals merely voted. Gradually the pigs became managers of the farm. The milk and apples from the farm, instead of being divided equally, were now reserved for the pigs. But it was explained that this was for the sake of all, since the pigs now did the brain-work for the farm. One of the leaders of the pigs, Snowball (left), was full of plans. He began to teach the other animals to read and write. And he set out to design a windmill to bring electricity to the farm.



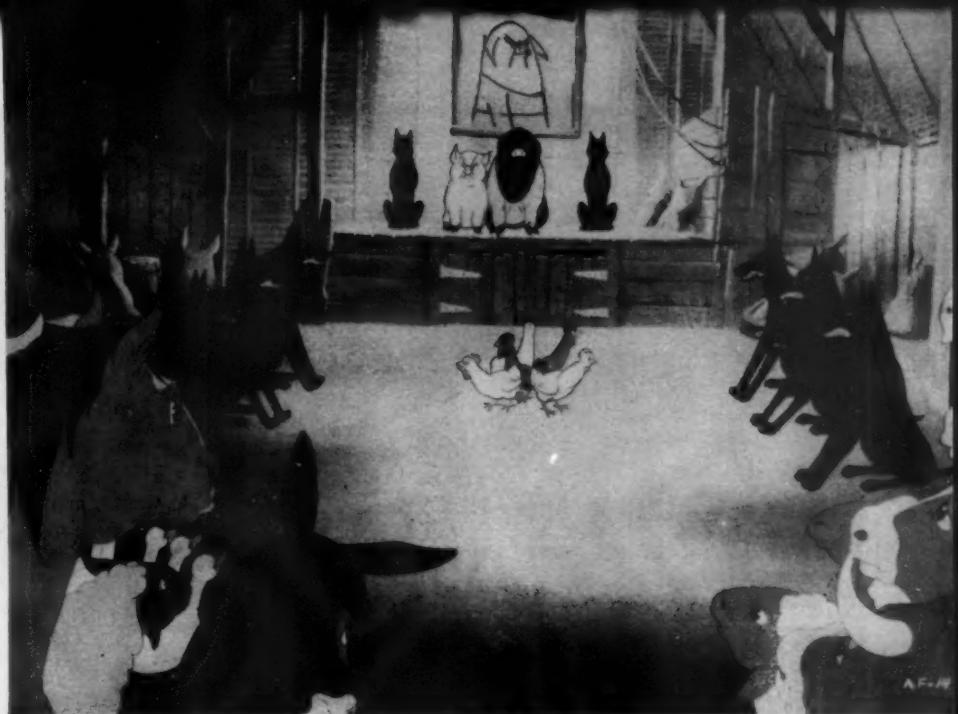
"Another leader among the pigs was Napoleon. It was noticed that he and Snowball never agreed. While Snowball designed his windmill, Napoleon found the watch-dog's puppies in Mr. Jones' house, and set out to solve the problem of power for the farm in his way. . . .

(Russia's new democracy was overthrown by the communists Nov. 7, 1917. They established the police state which is still in existence. For three years Lenin was dictator; upon his death a feud developed between two followers, Trotsky [Snowball] and Stalin [Napoleon].)

"Months passed. Finally Snowball put his plans for the windmill to a vote of the animals. But Napoleon's plans were now ready, too. At his signal, nine enormous police dogs dashed into the room and straight for Snowball, who fled and was heard from no more.



"With Snowball disposed of, Napoleon stepped up to take charge of Animal Farm. (Snowball was accused of plotting the return of Mr. Jones.) Napoleon now announced that the weekly meetings would come to an end. From now on he and a special committee of pigs would make all decisions for the farm. At right, Napoleon holds a trial of some hens rash enough to protest his selling of their eggs. Their fate is similar to Snowball's.



"Napoleon declared that Snowball had stolen the plans for the windmill from him, and he ordered that it be built. Year in, year out, the animals toiled long and hard. Once again they were overworked and underfed—all except the pigs, who lived in luxury. Gradually the other animals noticed that the laws of Animal Farm began to disappear from the side of the barn. Finally only one law was left, and now it read:



**ALL ANIMALS
ARE EQUAL**

**BUT SOME ANIMALS ARE
MORE EQUAL THAN OTHERS**

"To the animals it now seemed that their world—which may or may not, some day, become a happy place to live—was in worse shape than ever for ordinary creatures; another moment was at hand when they must rise."

charles leek



BY JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

Illustrated by Charles Beck

Banner in the Sky

"There are many ways in which this story resembles the true story of the first climbing of the Matterhorn. The date—1865—is the same. The imagined town of Kurtal is much like the actual town of Zermatt, Switzerland. The name of Rudi Matt has been derived from that of the great mountain, and Captain John Winter, both in name and role, is more than distantly related to its real-life conqueror, Edward Whymper. Throughout, I have drawn on fact for the making of fiction. But this book is fiction. The story branches out on its own trail, to its own mountaintop. I hope it makes for good climbing."—J. R. U.

In the heart of the Swiss Alps, on the high frontier between earth and sky, stands one of the great mountains of the world. To men generally it is known as the Citadel, but the people of the valley beneath it seldom call it by that name. They call it the Rudisberg—Rudi's Mountain. And that is because, in the long-gone year of 1865, there lived in that valley a boy called Rudi Matt. . . .

Rudi walked with the slow, rhythmic pace of the mountain people, and, though the path was now steepening sharply, he felt no strain. His legs, his lungs, all of his slight wiry body, were doing what they did best; what they had been born to do. His feet, through the soles of his shoes, moulded themselves to each hump and crevice of the path.

Just why Rudi had run off [from his

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job in the hotel] on this particular day, he could not have said. He had had to—that was all. He had looked from the window of the hotel kitchen and seen the peaks that rimmed the valley rising vast and shining in the morning sun; and he could no more have stopped himself than he could have stopped breathing. A few minutes before, he had been a prisoner. Now he was free. He no longer looked backward—only up—as slowly the great mountain world unfolded before him.

The path zigzagged up a meadow and entered a forest. Here he made a stop. Leaving the path, he made his way between the trees to a large blue spruce and reached for the stout stick that was concealed in its branches. This was his *alpenstock*, the climber's staff he had made for himself, as a substitute for an ice-ax, which he did not own; and he kept it hidden here because he was afraid that if he took it home his mother or uncle [who would disapprove of his climbing] might find it. It was a strong staff, almost

five feet long, with a sharp point on one end and a crook on the other. As he hefted it now in his hand, feeling its familiar weight and balance, it was no mere stick, but a part of himself.

He climbed on. The sun was shining and he was doing what he most loved to do in all the world. He threw back his head and yodeled and the high wild YOOOO—LEEEE—OOOOO—LAAAY—EEEYEE rode the still air like a soaring bird.

The path twisted upward. Always upward. The forest was close around him; then a little less close; then not close at all. He came out onto a slope of shrubs. Sitting on a boulder, he ate a bite of lunch. He had no knapsack, any more than he had an ice-ax, but he had managed to stuff a piece of bread and another of cheese into a pocket before bolting from the hotel kitchen, and, plain and crumbled though they were, they tasted better than any food he had ever eaten.

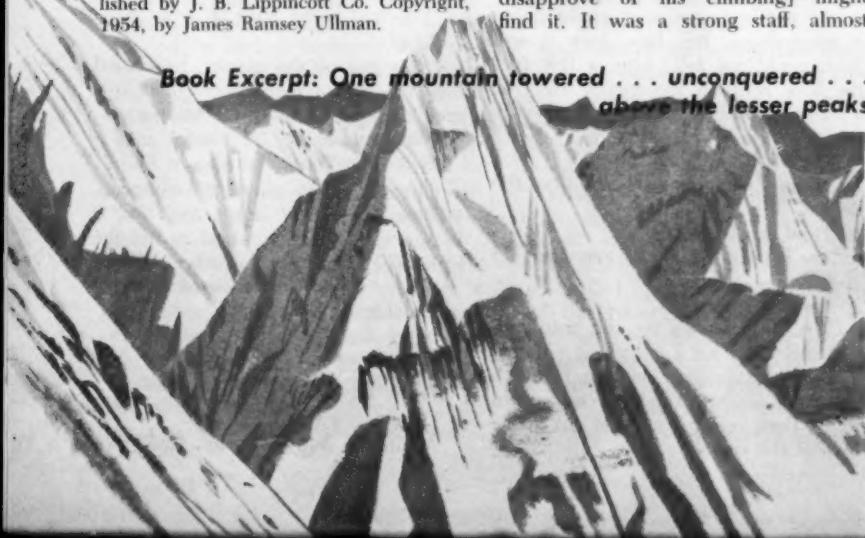
His eyes moved down across the treetops to the valley, and in the valley's center the town of Kurtal. While Rudi had grown, it had grown, too. Each year, during the summer months, there were more and more visitors—people from England, France, Germany, and even from faraway America.

It was the mountains that brought them, of course: the tall white glorious mountains of the Alps. In the old days the people of the outside world had not been interested in the Alps. But in Rudi's own lifetime all that had changed. The sport, the craft, the adventure of mountaineering had been born. In every village, men whose ancestors through all history had been farmers and herdsmen were now farmers and herdsmen no longer, but Alpine guides. And the profession of guide was the proudest in the land. To be a member of the Company of Guides of Kurtal was the highest honor that a man could attain.

Men had not only come to the mountains. They had conquered them. One by one, year after year, the peaks had been attacked, besieged and taken.

All of them . . . except one.

Book Excerpt: One mountain towered . . . unconquered . . . above the lesser peaks



Rudi Matt was no longer looking down into the valley. He was looking up and beyond it. And still his eyes moved on—and up—and up. The other mountains fell away. There was a gap, a deep gorge, a glacier. The earth seemed almost to be gathering itself together. It leaped forward.

And there it was. . . .

The Citadel!

It stood up like a monument: great, terrible—and alone. The other mountains were as nothing beside it. It rose in cliff upon cliff, ridge upon ridge, tower upon tower, until the sharp, curving wedge of its summit seemed to pierce the very heart of the sky. It was a pyramid built up out of a thousand parts—out of granite and limestone and snow and ice, out of glaciers, precipices, crags, ledges, spires, cornices.

Rudi Matt had been born in its shadow. He had seen it every day of his life. But the years had not paled its magic. Instead, that magic had grown stronger, deeper. And on this day, as on every day in his life when he had looked up at it, Rudi Matt felt again the catch in his breath and the wild surging of his heart.

The Citadel. The last unconquered summit of the Alps.

"It cannot be climbed," said the people of the valleys. In the past fifteen years [since Rudi's father, the great guide Joseph Matt, had been killed in the attempt] no one had ever tried to climb it. "It will never be climbed," they said.

No?

Up and Up—Alone

[Up and up Rudi climbed.] When, after an hour, he turned and looked back, the rocky point where he had stopped to eat seemed almost as far below him as the village.

The world into which he had now come was one of stillness and desolation. There was the gray of rock, the white of snow, the blue of sky—and that was all there was. The only movement, anywhere, was that of his own body; the only sound the scraping of his own feet against the boulders.

The slope steepened. The boulders grew larger. Then the glacier spread before him. Or, more accurately, two glaciers—the Dornel and the Blue.

Rudi had ascended both glaciers. No less than five times he had completely circled the base of the Citadel. He had stared upward and studied every ridge and cliff and ice-wall and ledge and chimney that could be seen from below. He knew more about the approaches to the Citadel than any guide in Kurtal. And yet he still did not know enough. Still he kept coming. He had played truant from school—even from

church. Now he was running out on his job. Always it meant tears and pleas from his mother, often harsh words from his Uncle Franz. But he kept coming back.

This time he went up the Blue Glacier. Just why he picked it, he could not have said. Later, thinking back, he racked his memory for some sign.

Like all glaciers, the Blue was cut through by crevasses: deep splits and chasms caused by the pressures of the slow-moving ice. When hidden by snow these could be a great hazard to climbers; but on this midsummer day no snow had fallen in some time, the crevasses were plain to view, and there was no danger if one kept his eyes open. Rudi zigzagged his way carefully upward.

He moved through absolute silence. There was no movement anywhere. No stirring. No sound.

And then there was a sound. . . .

Rudi stood motionless. It was not the sound of the mountain, of falling rock and ice. It was a voice. He waited; he looked around him; every sense was straining. But he saw nothing. Nothing moved. It was his imagination, he thought: a trick of his mind, or of the stillness. Or was it—and now the cold finger of fear touched him—was it the voice of a mountain demon?

The sound came again. It seemed at the same time to come from nearby and far away. He waited. Once more it came. And then suddenly he knew where it came from. It was from beneath the ice. From a crevasse in the glacier.

He approached the nearest crevasse and called out. But there was no answer. He went on to a second. No answer. Again he waited and listened. Again the voice came, faintly. Straight ahead was a third chasm in the ice, and, advancing cautiously, he peered over the edge.

. . . Then Not Alone

The crevasse was about six feet wide at the top and narrowed gradually as it went down. But how deep it was Rudi could not tell. After a few feet the blue walls of ice curved away at a sharp slant, and what was below the curve was hidden from sight.

"Hello!" Rudi called.

"Hello—" A voice answered from the depths.

"How far down are you?"

"I'm not sure. About twenty feet, I'd guess."

"On the bottom?"

"No. I can't even see the bottom. I was lucky and hit a ledge."

The voice spoke in German, but with a strange accent. Whoever was down there, Rudi knew, it was not one of the men of the valley.

"Are you hurt?" he called.

"Nothing broken—no," said the voice.

"Just shaken up some. And cold."

"How long have you been there?"

"About three hours."

Rudi looked up and down the crevasse. He was thinking desperately.

"Do you have a rope?" asked the voice.

"No."

"How many of you are there?"

"Only me."

There was a silence. When the voice spoke again, it was still quiet and under strict control. "Then you'll have to get help," it said.

Rudi didn't answer. To get down to Kurtal would take at least two hours, and for a party to climb back up would take three. By that time it would be night, and the man would have been in the crevasse for eight hours. He would be frozen to death.

"No," said Rudi, "it would take too long."

"What else is there to do?"

Rudi's eyes moved over the ice-walls: almost vertical, smooth as glass. "Have you an ax?" he asked.

"No. I lost it when I fell."

There was another silence. Rudi's lips tightened. "I'll think of something," he cried. "I'll think of something!"

"Don't lose your head," the voice said. "The only way is to go for help."

"But you'll—"

"Maybe. And maybe not. That's a chance we'll have to take."

The voice was as quiet as ever. And, hearing it, Rudi was suddenly ashamed. Here was he, safe on the glacier's surface, showing fear and despair, while the one below, facing almost certain death, remained calm and controlled. Whoever it was down there, it was a real man. A brave man.

Rudi drew in a long, slow breath. With his climbing-staff he felt down along the smooth surface of the ice walls.

"Are you still there?" said the voice.

"Yes," he said.

"You had better go."

"Wait—"

Lying flat on the glacier, he leaned over the rim of the crevasse and lowered the staff as far as it would go.

"Can you see it?" he asked.

"See what?" said the man.

Obviously he couldn't. Standing up, Rudi removed his jacket and tied it by one sleeve to the curved end of the staff. Then, holding the other end, he again lay prone and lowered his staff and jacket.

"Can you see it now?" he asked.

"Yes," said the man.

"How far above you is it?"

"About ten feet."

Again the staff came up. Rudi took

off his shirt and tied one of its sleeves to the dangling sleeve of the jacket. This time, as he lay down, the ice bit, cold and rough, into his bare chest; but he scarcely noticed it. With his arms extended, all the shirt and half the jacket were out of sight beneath the curve in the crevasse.

"How near you now?" he called.

"Not far," said the voice.

"Can you reach it?"

"I'm trying."

There was the sound of scraping boot-nails; of labored breathing. But no pull on the shirtsleeve down below.

"I can't make it."

"Wait," said Rudi.

Again he raised the staff. He took off his trousers. He tied a trouser-leg to the loose sleeve of the shirt. Then he pulled, one by one, at all the knots he had made. He pulled until the blood pounded in his head and the knots were as tight as his strength could make them. This done, he stepped back from the crevasse to the point where his toes had rested when he lay flat. With feet and hands he kicked and scraped the ice until he made two holes. Then, lying down as before, he dug his toes deep into them. He was naked now, except for his shoes, stockings and underpants. The cold rose from the ice into his blood and bones. He lowered the staff and knotted clothes like a sort of crazy fishing line.

"Can you reach it now?" he called.

"Yes," the voice answered.

"All right. Come on."

"You won't be able to hold me. I'll pull you in."

"No you won't."

He braced himself. The pull came. His toes went taut in their ice-holds and his hands tightened on the staff until the knuckles showed white. Again he could hear a scraping sound below, and he knew that the man was clawing his boots against the ice-wall, trying both to lever himself up and to take as much weight as possible off the improvised lifeline. But the wall obviously offered little help. Almost all his weight was on the lifeline. Suddenly there was a jerk, as one of the knots in the clothing slipped, and the staff was almost wrenched from Rudi's hands. But the knot held. And his hands held. He tried to call down, "All right?" but he had no breath for words. From below, the only sound was the scraping of boots on ice.

How long it went on Rudi could never have said. Perhaps only for a minute or so. But it seemed like hours. And then at last—at last—it happened. A hand came into view around the curve of the crevasse wall: a hand gripping the twisted fabric of his jacket, and then a second hand rising

slowly above it. A head appeared. A pair of shoulders. A face was raised for an instant and then lowered.

But Rudi no longer saw it, for now his eyes were shut tight with the strain. His teeth were clamped, the cords of his neck bulged, the muscles of his arms felt as if they were being drawn one by one from the bones that held them. He began to lose his toeholds. He was being dragged forward. Desperately, frantically, he dug in with his feet, pressed his whole body down, as if he could make it part of the glacier. Though all but naked on the ice, he was pouring with sweat. Somehow he stopped the slipping. Somehow he held on.

But now suddenly the strain was even worse, for the man had reached the lower end of the staff. The slight "give" of the stretched clothing was gone, and in its place was rigid dead-



weight on a length of wood. The climber was close now. But heavy. Indescribably heavy. Rudi's hands ached and burned, as if it were a rod of hot lead that they clung to. It was not a mere man he was holding, but a giant; or a block of granite. The pull was unendurable. The pain unendurable. He could hold on no longer. His hands were opening. It was all over.

And then it was over. The weight was gone. There was a scraping sound close beneath him; a hand on the rim of ice; a figure pulling itself up onto the lip of the crevasse. The man was beside Rudi, staring at him.

"Why—you're just a boy!" he said in astonishment.

Rudi was too numb to move or speak. Taking the staff from him, the man pulled up the line of clothes, untied the knots and shook them out.

"Come now. Quickly!" he said.

Pulling him to his feet, he helped Rudi dress. Then he rubbed and pummeled him until at last Rudi felt the warmth of returning circulation. Finally

he was able to speak again. "And you sir," he said, "you are all right?"

The man nodded. He was warming himself now: flapping his arms and kicking his feet together. "A few minutes of sun and I'll be as good as new."

Nearby, a black boulder lay embedded in the glacial ice, and, going over to it, they sat down. The sunlight poured over them like a warm bath. Rudi slowly flexed his aching fingers and saw that the man was doing the same. And then the man was looking at him.

"It's a miracle how you did it," he said. "All alone."

"It was nothing," Rudi murmured. "Nothing?"

For the first time, now, Rudi was really seeing him. He was a man of perhaps thirty, very tall and thin, and his face, too, was thin, with a big hawk-like nose and a strong jutting chin. His weather-browned cheeks were clean-shaven, his hair black, his eyes deep-set and gray. And when he spoke, his voice was still almost as quiet as when it had been muffled by the ice-walls of the crevasse. He is—what?—Rudi thought. Not Swiss, he knew. English, perhaps? Yes, English . . . And then suddenly a deep excitement filled him; he knew who the man was.

"You are Captain Winter?"

"That's right."

Rudi was wordless—almost stunned. The name of Captain John Winter was known through the length and breadth of the Alps. He was the foremost mountaineer of his day, and during the past ten years had made more first ascents of great peaks than any other man alive. Rudi had heard that he had come to Kurtal a few days before. He had hoped that at least he would see him in the hotel or walking by in the street. But actually to meet him—and in this way! To pull him from a crevasse—save him. . . . It was incredible!

Captain Winter was watching him. "And you, son," he asked. "What is your name?"

Somehow the boy got his voice back. "Rudi," he said. "Rudi Matt."

"Matt?" Now it was the man's turn to be impressed. "Not of the family of the great guidé Josef Matt?"

"He was my father," Rudi said.

Captain Winter studied him with his gray eyes. Then he smiled. "I should have known," he said. "A boy who could do what you've done—"

Rudi's eyes fixed on the vast mountain that rose before them, and then Captain Winter was watching it, too.

The sun was warm on their thawing bodies. Far above, it struck the cliffs and snowfields of the Citadel, so brightly that they had to squint.

Then there was Winter's quiet voice

again. "What do you think, Rudi?"

"Think, sir?"

"Can it be climbed?"

"Climbed? The Citadel?"

"Your father thought so. Alone among all the guides of Switzerland, he thought so." There was another pause. "And I think so too," said Captain Winter.

The boy was peering again at the shining heights. And suddenly his heart was pounding hard. "Is—is that why you have come here, sir?" he asked. "To try to climb the Citadel?"

"Well, now—" Winter smiled. "It's not so simple, you know. For one thing, there's not a guide in the valley who would go with me."

"I have an uncle, sir. He is—"

"Yes, I know your uncle, Franz Lerner. He is the best in Kurtal, and I've spoken to him. But he would not go. Anything but that, he said. Any other peak, any route, any venture. But not *that*, he said. Not the Citadel."

"He remembers my father—"

"Yes, he remembers your father. They all remember him. And while they love and respect his memory, they all think he was crazy." Winter chuckled softly. "Now they think *I'm* crazy," he added. "And maybe they're right too."

"What will you do, sir?" asked Rudi. "Not try it alone?"

"No, that crazy I'm not." Winter slowly stroked his long jaw. "I'm not certain what I'll do," he went on. "Perhaps I'll go over to the next valley. To Broli. But first I must reconnoitre some more. Make my plans. Pick the route. If there is a route."

"Yes, there is! Of course!"

Rudi had not thought the words. They simply burst out from him. And now again he was embarrassed as the man looked at him curiously.

"So?" said Captain Winter. "That is interesting, Rudi. Tell me why you think so."

I have studied the Citadel many times, sir."

"Why?"

"Because—because—" He stopped.

"Because you want to climb it yourself?"

"I know I cannot expect—"

"I wasn't a grown man either," said the Captain, "when I first saw the Citadel. But I can still remember how I felt when I looked up at it, and the promise I made myself that some day I was going to climb it." He paused. His eyes moved slowly upward. "Youth is the time for dreams, boy," he murmured. "The trick is, when you get older, not to forget them."

Then Winter asked:

"This east face, Rudi—what do you think of it?"



Author James Ramsey Ullman is a noted mountaineer, explorer, and novelist.

peared at the Matt home. He had come to engage Rudi's uncle for a routine climb the next day. But before he left, he had arranged for Rudi to go, too.

With new climbing boots and a genuine ice-ax—gifts from Winter—Rudi set off with the two men. This was his chance to prove himself to his uncle, to the world. Rudi climbed well. But during a pause in the climbing, he wandered off to reconnoitre by himself, was cut off by a minor avalanche, and was rescued by the daring and skill of his uncle. Rudi had broken a fundamental principle of mountaineering—that a climber never unnecessarily requires another to risk his life for him.

Disgraced, Rudi returned to endless months at his hotel job. Once or twice the cook, old Teo, an ex-guide, took Rudi secretly up into the mountains and instructed him in the responsibilities of a guide. Teo would remind Rudi of his father. He would retell the story of Joseph Matt's fatal attempt on the Citadel, how Matt's client had been injured by a rock fall, how the great guide had chosen to remain on the mountain with him, sending another guide, Teo, down for help. Teo was crippled from a fall during that descent; Joseph Matt and his client had frozen to death.

Then one day Rudi learned that smoke had been observed from the chimney of the highest hut on the approach to the Citadel. Instantly he knew who was in the hunt—and why. That night he slipped silently out of the house, leaving a note behind. He arrived at the hut the next day—and joined Winter and Saxo, a guide from Broli, as they reconnoitered for a route. So far, no man had yet found a way to pass a formidable cliff barrier known as the Fortress. Rudi's father had believed there was a way around it, had gone further than any man before or since, but had been only at the foot of the Fortress when the fatal rock fall occurred.

Winter was determined to find Joseph Matt's "way." He and Saxo planned to return to Broli for supplies. He asked Rudi to go back to Kurtal and persuade his uncle to come and join the assault party.

Rudi was stunned by this request. He had told Winter that he was there with his uncle's permission. Now his lie had caught up with him. He was trapped. . . .

Winter went out, and Saxo followed. For a moment Rudi stood rooted, and when he reached the door the two men were already swinging down the path. He started to call, but no words came. He had a hundred things to say—and nothing to say. Silently he

Trapped . . .

[On the way down from the glacier, Rudi requested Captain Winter to keep his secret that he had been in the mountains. That evening Winter ap-

watched while the others moved down the boulder-slope toward Broli.

The breakfast fire burned out. The sun climbed the sky. Down by the stream a marmot rose on its hind legs, shrilled and darted off. Then it was silent again. For a long time Rudi sat alone on the steps of the old hut.

He looked at the worn boulders beneath his feet. Raising his head, he looked at the great mountain that towered above him. Then he turned away. What was the use of looking? There was nothing to do but start down. Down to the village. To his mother's tears and his uncle's anger.

Going into the hut, he got his ax and pack. He went out and closed the door and climbed down through the boulders to the glacier. There was a thin covering of snow on the ice, and he could see the footprints of Captain Winter and Saxo bearing westward in the direction of Broli. For perhaps half an hour he moved on with slow, mechanical steps; and then he stopped. For he had reached another turning-off place. Directly ahead, the Blue Glacier dropped steeply downward: to the boulder-slopes, the lower hut, the tree-line, the valley. To the left, climbing higher, was the upper tributary they had followed the previous day. Beyond the icefall, the snowslope; beyond the snowslope . . . the Citadel.

For several minutes Rudi stood there, motionless.

Then he turned left.

Boy and a Mountain

There was the sky. There was rock and ice. There was a mountain thrusting upward into blue emptiness—and at the foot of the mountain a tiny speck. This speck was the only thing that lived or moved in all that world of silent majesty.

What Rudi was doing was not a result of conscious choice or decision; it was simply what he *had* to do. He had not lost his senses. He knew that alone, and without food or a tent, there was no chance on earth of his reaching the top of the Citadel. And it was not hope for the top that pushed him on. It was simply—well, he wasn't sure—perhaps simply the hope to set foot on the mountain. Or more than the hope. The need. The need of his body, his mind, his heart, to come at last to the place of which he had dreamed so long; to stand on the southeast ridge; to follow where his father had led; to climb, perhaps, even as high as the Fortress, which was as high as any man had gone. That was what he wanted; what he *had to have*. That much. Before it all ended. Before descending to the village.

He was cautious as he climbed upward, testing every step before trust-

ing his weight to it. And when he came to the avalanche area he detoured to the left and kept as close as possible to the bordering rock-wall, so that he would have something to cling to, just in case. . . . But nothing happened. The snow stayed as motionless as the rock. In all that spreading wilderness there was no movement except that of his own two legs plodding upward.

Rudi moved on. Through the stillness. Up the white slope. Kick-step, he went. Kick-step. Kick-step. Ahead—the ridge loomed nearer. . . . Nearer. . . . And then at last the great moment came. There was no longer snow under his feet, but solid rock. He took a step up—a second—a third . . . and stood on the southeast ridge of the Citadel.

Here he sat down and rested. He pressed his hands against the cold stone, as if to convince himself that he was really there. Not on its glaciers; not on its approaches; but on the mountain itself. He looked down along the way he had come, and there, beyond glacier and snowfield, forest and pasture, tiny and remote, lay the green valley of Kurtal. It was as if he were already on a mountaintop, with all the world below him. . . . Until he looked up. And then everything changed. . . . Then he was no longer on a mountain's summit, but at a mountain's base, and there was the whole great mass of the Citadel still towering into the sky.

His eyes moved slowly upward across the slanting wilderness of rock and ice. From where Rudi sat he could not see to the summit of the Citadel, nor even to its high shoulder. Some two thousand feet above him the ridge flared up into the bold broad promontory that was called the Fortress, and what lay beyond it was hidden from view. The Fortress was as far as he could see. And as far as he could go.

If he could go that far . . .

He looked at the sun and estimated it to be not quite noon. If he were to be down safely by dark, he could allow himself—what? Perhaps two hours for going up. Yes—two hours up, and he could still be down to the hut by nightfall.

He stood up. He grasped his ax.

Then he began the ascent of the ridge. . . . He had to search and grope for every stance. And then, faced with two possible ways around a crag, he chose the wrong one, came out at the base of an unclimbable wall, and was forced to backtrack and try again.

Once or twice he came close to despair. "It is impossible," he thought. But no sooner had he thought it than he heard Winter's voice: "It has been done before," Winter had said. Yes, Rudi knew it had been done before. And he knew who had done it before. . . .

He found his hold, pulled himself up, climbed on. And on. [Until . . . finally . . . hours later . . .] He stepped and stopped. Before him the ridge flared out into a level platform, and beyond the platform rose a sheer wall of granite. As Rudi stared up at it his heart was pounding.

For he had reached the Fortress.

If he was tired he did not know it. If it was growing late he did not know it. All he knew, all that mattered, was that he had gained his goal; that he was standing now on the highest point of the Citadel that any man had reached before him.

Slowly his eyes moved upward and he saw that it was indeed like the wall of a fortress: smooth, vertical and impregnable. "To the left," Captain Winter had said, "—that was Josef Matt's way. . . ." And it would be his, Rudi Matt's, way as well.

He took four steps—five—six. And stopped. He could see what he had hoped to see: the one break in the great cliff's defenses. Not more than five yards [beyond the end of the platform] a long cleft, or chimney, slanted upward through the otherwise unbroken rock. This was the way past the Fortress—the "key" to the upper mountain. If—if—he could reach the cleft's base. . . .

[*By the most delicate balancing, Rudi did reach the foot of the cleft. For one moment he hesitated, suddenly realizing that it was growing late. Then the magic again drew him upward. . . .*]

. . . He emerged onto a flat shelf above the cliff—the first human being to have passed the grim barrier of the Fortress.

Now, standing there in awe, Rudi Matt looked up at what no man's eyes had ever seen before. So great was the distance that it seemed he was again back at the foot of the peak, rather than a third of the way up its flank. But distance in itself was unimportant, compared to the other thing he saw—and this was that the ridge ahead appeared climbable to its very end. How it would go from there to the top of the shoulder he was too far away to tell. Nor could he see beyond the shoulder, for the final summit was still hidden behind its jutting cliffs. But up to the ridge, at least, the way was clear. There would be problems, of course. There would be obstacles. But no obstacles, so far as he could see, as formidable as the Fortress.

A deep, almost fierce joy welled in the boy's heart. Even though he must now turn back, he had already gone higher into the unknown than any man before him—including his father. He had proved that his father had been right: that there was a way past the Fortress, and that it was, indeed, the

"key" to the mountain. With his own eyes he had seen the way ahead, leading upward and upward.

For another moment he stood there on the mountainside. Alone in the emptiness. Alone in the stillness . . . And then—then, suddenly—no longer in stillness. For he had become aware of a sound. . . . He listened; and where silence had been there was now a low, deep humming. He looked up; and the sky was gray, the sun shrunken and remote. A shadow was all around him. A coldness had returned: into his bones, into his blood. Moment by moment, it deepened. The shadow deepened. The humming deepened. From the shoulder of the Citadel, high above him, a plume of snow streamed out across the darkening sky.

... and a Ghost

The first blast of wind struck him as he [began his descent from the Fortress]. It battered against his body and ripped at his clothing, and he had to cling to a projecting crag to keep from being flung from the mountainside. In the short lull that followed, however, he worked his way down to the narrow ledge at its bottom.

That was the end of his good luck. As he came around the curving shelf to the platform at the base of the Fortress, the storm struck him crosswise with such force that he had to throw himself flat on the rocks.

On hands and knees he crept forward—and stopped. Somewhere ahead of him the platform ended and fell away, but where that somewhere was he could not tell. All he could see was the driving snow. Each time he moved it might be toward the ridge—or toward the two-thousand foot precipice.

He peered up into the gray churning of the sky. Then, lowering his head, he covered it with his arms and waited. But, minute by minute, the storm grew in intensity, and when he looked up again the snow lashed into his eyes. The voice of the wind rose from a moan to a wail, from a wail to a high insane shrieking. . . . And then, through the shrieking, there was another sound: a deep rumbling sound, high above, that brought Rudi half to his feet in sudden terror. It was a rock fall, he thought. Here in this exact spot, fifteen years before, the fateful avalanche of boulders had roared down upon his father and his companions; and now the same thing was happening to him. . . . He struggled to his feet, only to be knocked flat again by the wind.

No—this time no rocks had fallen. But any moment the lightning might strike on a crag above and send its splintered fragments plunging down; or, worse yet, might hit directly at the

exposed ledge on which he was trapped. Again crawling on hands and knees, Rudi worked his way in toward the wall of the Fortress. Groping along its base, he searched for some sort of shelter. And at last he found it: a hollowed-out section of rock, with its sides and top projecting outward, so that they formed, in effect, a small shallow cave. He crept into it, wedged himself back in the farthest corner, and murmured a brief prayer of thanksgiving. For here he was protected not only from falling rock and lightning, but also from the full fury of the wind. He wiped the caked snow from his eyes and nose. He beat his chilled hands together. He waited.

The wind slackened slightly . . . and he waited.

It rose . . . and he waited.

Again and again.

And then once more it slackened, and he knew that at last the storm was blowing itself out. Now, suddenly, he was aware of something he had forgotten. Time had *not* ceased to exist. The storm was gone: yes. But in its place was oncoming night.

Creeping from the cave, he got to his feet, crossed to the outer edge of the platform, and looked down. The ridge, now snow-covered, slanted away into gray dusk, and even as he watched, he could see the shadows thickening.

Sudden panic seized him. . . . He had to get down, he thought wildly. He had to get down, or die. . . . Lowering himself from the platform, he tried to follow the ridge. His eyes searched for invisible holds, and his feet slipped and stumbled on the snowrimmed rocks. He lost his balance, fell and brought up with a thud against a heap of broken slag. Picking himself up, he went on—only to slip and fall again. On this second fall he landed only a few inches from the abyss of the south face, and the jolt was not only to his body but to his senses.

Once more he pulled himself to his feet, but he descended no farther. To spend the night on the mountain was to die—perhaps. But to try to go on was to kill himself surely. It had been on this very ridge, at night, that Teo, coming down from the Fortress, had fallen and become a cripple for life. And on that night the rocks had not even been slippery with snow.

A tremor passed through him. For several minutes he remained where he was, while the darkness thickened around him. Then, slowly he worked his way back to the platform beneath the Fortress. Crossing the platform, he re-entered the shallow cave.

There was nothing to do—at least until morning. Nothing except to get

through the night. To stay alive through the night.

From his hollow in the mountainside he looked out and down, but there was only white snow and gray rock. For the first time since early that morning he thought of the world below. Of his mother and his uncle. Far from comforting him, the image of home served only to remind him of what he had done and where he was; to fill him with such loneliness and emptiness as he had never known in his life before.

He sat alone in the night—in the sky—high on the great mountain from which he might never come down. The darkness seemed to grow even thicker, the stillness even deeper. . . .

Then his head jerked up. His eyes opened. He realized that he must have slept, but for how long he didn't know. What he did know, however—instantly—was that something had changed. It was still night; but the night had changed. A thick mist had closed in. . . . And something else was there, too. In all that wilderness of rock and ice, Rudi knew, there was no single other living thing. But he knew, too, that he was no longer alone.

He shivered. Reaching into his pack, he brought out the one extra piece of clothing that it contained: the old red flannel shirt of his father. It was big enough to fit over his other clothing, and he pulled it on. Folding his arms, he held his hands tightly in the armpits and felt a slow stirring of blood in his frozen fingers. Yes, he thought—the shirt was old, but it was still warm. It might save him. His father's shirt would save him. The same shirt that he had worn, fifteen years before, on the Citadel; that he had taken from his own body to give to Sir Edward Stephenson, when—

The faint warmth vanished; his blood froze. For in that instant it came to him. . . . The terrible knowledge. The terrible truth. . . . *The cave in which he was sitting was the one in which his father and Sir Edward Stephenson had died.*

He tried to leap to his feet, but couldn't move. A scream formed in his throat, but made no sound. . . .

Rudi crouched, motionless. In an instant the scream would burst from his lips. In an instant he would leap up and run, racing wildly from the cave, across the platform down the ridge—stumbling, falling, plunging—over the rocks, over the cliffs, into the abyss—anywhere—so long as it was away from this accursed place. In an instant now. . . . But the instant did not come. Still he crouched, unmoving, still he crouched in silence, while the horror moved toward him out of the

night and the mist. . . . And when at last a sound came from his lips it was not a scream but only a whisper:

"Father—Father—"

Then the strange thing happened: the incredible and wonderful thing. His heart was suddenly calm.

He looked down at the shirt that covered him, and his body, beneath it, seemed no longer cold, but almost warm. He looked out past the walls of the cave, and the mist and darkness were still there, but the evil was gone from them. . . . "And I am not afraid either," he thought. "My father is not here to harm me, but to watch over me. To make me the guide that he was; the man that he was."

He prayed [to his two fathers]. Then he slept. In his father's shirt; in his father's cave; on his father's mountain.

* * *

At the first light he awoke and rose. Crossing the platform, he peered down along the ridge; and though mist still filled the air, he could at least see the form and pattern of the rocks. For a moment, turning, he looked up at the Fortress and the gray nothingness above it. Then he began the descent.

He moved slowly, testing each hold and stance before he used it and scraping the snow away carefully with his hands and feet. But even so, he slipped constantly. His body felt drained and strengthless, and his arms and legs were like bars of lead. He stumbled, slipped, caught himself—moved on—and slipped again. Soon the slip would come, he thought dully, when he would not catch himself; when he would fall, as old Teo had fallen, plunging and twisting through space.

No!

He had stopped. He kicked his numb feet against a rock. He held his hands under the red shirt until again he felt the stirring of blood. He looked down into the mist—up into the mist—and beyond it the sky was brightening.

No! He would not fall. He would not.

As he moved down again his lips were tight and grim. He was Rudi Matt, the son of Josef Matt. And he would make it.

He would make it. . . .

Four to Go—

[Back in the village of Kurtal, it had been learned that Winter was about to climb the Citadel. Franz now knew of his nephew's absence and realized where the "crazy boy" was. He declared that he would go up to the hut and bring Rudi back—and dissuade Winter from his mad scheme. Other guides volunteered to go along.

So when Winter and Saxo arrived from Broli with their supplies, they found guides from Kurtal waiting in

the hut. Each group asked for Rudi. In the tension that ensued, old rivalries flared up between the Kurtalers and the Broli guides.]

Saxo doubled his hamlike fists. Franz lowered his head like a bull. But John Winter leapt between them. "Stop it!" he commanded. "Broli—Kurtal. Kurtal—Broli. Fighting about your villages, while the boy is probably—"

His voice stopped, as if cut off by a knife. He was looking at the door of the hut.

"Mother of God!" someone murmured.

For in the doorway stood Rudi Matt.

His slight body was bent with tiredness. His clothing was in tatters. Dirt mixed with wet snow caked his face and hands and streaks of blood showed on his fingers and cheeks. But as he faced the others he drew himself straight. His lips were smiling, and his eyes shone with the blue of the mountain sky. "I have found the way," he said to them. "I have found the way."

"The way?"

"Past the Fortress. To the top of the Citadel."

Franz gaped at him. The others gaped. "You mean—you have been on the Citadel?" his uncle asked.

"Yes. Since yesterday. I was caught in a storm, and then it got dark and I had to spend the night. . . . But it doesn't matter. . . ." Rudi's voice was almost shaking with excitement. "Because I found it—truly. The way around the Fortress, that Father looked for. I found it and climbed it—"

"Climbed it?"

"Yes, to the left there was a chimney, and I climbed to the top of it. Above the Fortress there is the ridge again, and it is easy. I could not go on. The storm came, and it was late. But I could see from where I stood—it was easy all the way to the shoulder."

There was silence. And eight pairs of staring eyes. In Franz Lerner's eyes was a turmoil of conflicting emotions: relief and bewilderment, anger and uncertainty, and beneath these—deeper than these—something that was close to awe.

Captain Winter came up and put an arm around him. "You're tired, son," he said. "Come, sit down. Rest."

He led Rudi to the table. They took off his pack, his boots, his wet outer clothing, and wrapped a blanket around him. Some of the guides started a fire. Others got food from their packs. Only Franz Lerner still stood motionless, watching—as if in a trance from which he could not rouse himself.

Captain Winter began asking Rudi about the details of the route, and he described them as best he could. But his glance kept wandering to Franz

Lerner, until at last he could no longer bear the weight of his silence.

"Uncle—" he said.

"Yes?"

"You are angry?"

Franz shrugged. "What is the use of anger?" And when he went on his voice was hard and flat. "All right, you are alive. You have eaten and rested. Come on now—we shall go down."

Abruptly he turned and thumped across the hut to the doorway. The others watched. Rudi did not move.

"Well?" said Franz, turning.

The boy hesitated. His eyes pleaded. Franz moved back into the room, as if to take him by the arm, but a small gnarled figure stepped in front of him.

"No," said Teo Zurbriggen. "It is not fair to him."

"Fair?" Franz started to brush past. But now a new voice broke in—a quiet yet compelling voice.

"He's right, Franz," said Winter.

Franz was silent.

"He's right—and you know he's right." The Englishman came closer and stood before him. "You feel you owe loyalty to your sister, and I understand that," he said. "But there's also something you both owe to the boy, and that's the freedom to be himself. . . . He's a born mountaineer. For years now I've climbed all through the Alps, and I've never seen a better one. . . . Yes, he's young; he still has things to learn. But the most important things he doesn't need to learn, because he has them already. And most of all, he has the will to climb. He has the heart.

"Yes, he disobeyed you," Winter went on. "And he lied to me. But he meant no harm by it. He was only doing what he *had* to do. And on the Citadel: there, too, he was only doing what he had to, because he knew that if he went down to Kurtal he could not come up again. Yes, it was a risk. It was foolish and impetuous. But it was magnificent. He followed his father—went higher than his father—found what is probably the only way up the mountain. Don't make him go down now, Franz. Tomorrow we're going to try for the top [—you, Saxo . . . the four of us. . . .] Let him come with us. It's his birthright."

Franz did not answer at once. His eyes moved slowly to the corner where Rudi sat.

"Hmmm—" He turned back to Winter. "God grant I shall not regret it."

[Franz didn't regret his decision—but we must leave the final exciting episodes of the story to those of you who read the book for yourselves. We can add only that Rudi continued to play a vital role in the climbing of the Citadel. For, of course, the Citadel was climbed. Unconquered peaks will always draw men of daring to their tops.]

Salt-Water Ballads

By JOHN MASEFIELD

When he wasn't yet 17 years old, Masefield worked his way from England across the Atlantic on a merchant ship. His first book of poems grew out of this experience. The three poems on this page are from that book. "A Consecration" is perhaps a key to the poet's philosophy of writing in the years that followed. Masefield, 77, is England's Poet Laureate.

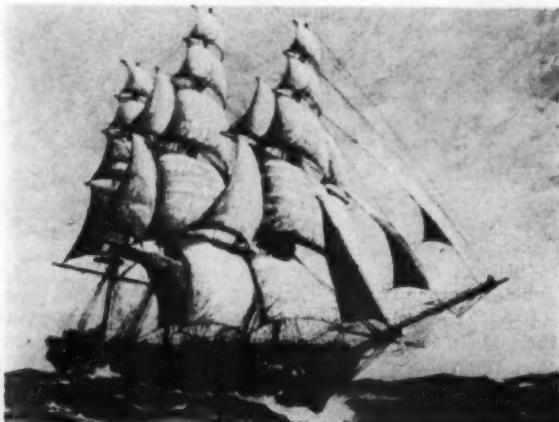
A Wanderer's Song

A wind's in the heart of me, a fire's in my heels,
I am tired of brick and stone and rumbling wagon-wheels;
I hunger for the sea's edge, the limits of the land.
Where the wild old Atlantic is shouting on the sand.

Oh I'll be going, leaving the noises of the street,
To where a lifting fore sail foot is yanking at the sheet;
To a windy, tossing anchorage where yawls and ketches ride,
Oh I'll be going, going, until I meet the tide.

And first I'll hear the sea-wind, the mewing of the gulls,
The clucking, sucking of the sea about the rusty hulls,
The songs at the capstan in the hooker warping out,
And then the heart of me'll know I'm there or thereabout.

Oh I am tired of brick and stone, the heart of me is sick,
For windy green, unquiet sea, the realm of Moby Dick;
And I'll be going, going, from the roaring of the wheels,
For a wind's in the heart of me, a fire's in my heels.



Wide World
U.S. Frigate Constitution, known as "Old Ironsides"



A Consecration

Not the be-medalled Commander, beloved of the throne,
Riding cock-horse to parade when the bugles are blown,
But the lads who carried the koppie and cannot be known.

Not the ruler for me, but the ranker, the tramp of the road,
The slave with the sack on his shoulders pricked on with
the goad,
The man with too weighty a burden, too weary a load.

The sailor, the stoker of steamers, the man with the clout,
The chantyman bent at the halliards putting a tune to the
shout,
The drowsy man at the wheel and the tired lookout.

Others may sing of the wine and the wealth and the mirth,
The portly presence of potentates goodly in girth;—
Mine be the dirt and the dross, the dust and scum of the
earth!

THEIRS be the music, the colour, the glory, the gold;
Mine be a handful of ashes, a mouthful of mould.
Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind in the rain and
the cold—
Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my tales be told.

—AMEN

Vagabond

Dunno a heap about the what an' why,
Can't say's I ever knowed.
Heaven to me's a fair blue stretch of sky,
Earth's jest a dusty road.

Dunno the names o' things, nor what they are,
Can't say's I ever will.
Dunno about God—he's jest the noddin' star
Atop the windy hill.

An' why I live, an' why the old world spins,
Are things I never knowed;
My mark's the gypsy fires, the lonely inns,
An' jest the dusty road.

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CavalQUIZ

• Test Yourself on This Issue of Literary Cavalcade

Reading Comprehension Quizzes • Topics for Composition and Discussion

Vocabulary Building • Evaluating Standards and Ideas • Literary Appreciation • Crossword Puzzle

NAME _____

CLASS _____ JANUARY, 1955

Focus on Reading

Banner in the Sky (p. 10)

I. Quick Quiz

Write X before the three statements among the following five which are *not* true in this book excerpt. Count 9 points for each. Total: 27.

- 1. Despite the fact that men said it was impossible, Rudi Matt climbed alone to the top of the Citadel.
- 2. At the time of this story, the Citadel was the only great peak of its range that was still unconquered.
- 3. Rudi met the great climber Captain John Winter when he saved Winter's life in the mountains.
- 4. Rudi's uncle, Franz Lerner, was one of the first to believe that the Citadel could be climbed.
- 5. It was Rudi's mother's hope that her son would realize his father's dream of climbing the Citadel.

My score _____

II. What Do You Think?

Do you admire the kind of spirit that made Rudi wish to attempt to climb the Citadel? Or do you think that such a dream is an obsession that is unreasonable and useless? Explain your answer.

Can you think of any recent achievements in mountaineering that have made news? What do you think that such achievements mean to the men who realize them? To the world as a whole?

"Thank You, Dr. Russell" (p. 23)

I. Quick Quiz

This play reminds us of the career of Alexander the Great, who forsook the teachings of Aristotle to follow in the power-hungry footsteps of his father, Philip of Macedonia. Write in the blank spaces below the name of the character in the play who most closely resembles the historical figure who is named. Count 9 points for each. Total: 27.

1. Aristotle _____
2. Alexander the Great _____
3. Philip of Macedonia _____

My score _____

II. What Do You Think?

In what ways did Alan Martin show his contempt for authority at Chadwick Preparatory School? What circumstances did Dr. Russell hold accountable for this contempt?

Did you find Alan's behavior totally understandable and excusable in terms of the situation he was in? Or did you feel that his actions were still not entirely justifiable? Explain your answer. How would you have felt about Alan if he had been a fellow-student of yours?

Do you think it is usually true that an insolent, defiant student has become that way mainly because he has found reason to prevent him from respecting or admiring the authority he is supposed to submit to? Are such students usually at fault themselves to a greater degree than this script suggests?

Is there anyone in our society, even the President, who is not required to acknowledge many forms of superior authority? Why do you think most citizens cooperate with such forms of authority? Is it out of fear alone—or are there other perhaps even more important factors?

Cress Delahanty (p. 28)

I. Quick Quiz

In the blank spaces provided, write the name of the character in the following list who is the writer or speaker of the following quotations. Count 6 points for each. Total: 36.

Bernardine Deever

Cress Delahanty

Mrs. Delahanty

Mr. Delahanty

I. Marcum

(Turn page)



Crossword Puzzle Answer

Sure you can turn this upside down if you want to. But why peek and spoil your fun? Puzzle is on page 20 of Cavalquiz.

1. "It's a dark time of life. . . At thirteen I, too, had a trademark. Spitting. I was a professional spitter." _____

2. "Useful Traits for School. I. Personality, A. Unusual, 1. Witty." _____

3. "Personally, the ice blonde freshman can vamp us any time she wants to." _____

4. "That Crescent Delahanty is deliciously amusing." _____

5. "I told her to stop it at once. That it was cheap and silly to play to the grandstand that way and that she was going to regret getting a reputation as a hare-brained clown." _____

6. "I wouldn't be Josh editor if they shot me for not being." _____

My score _____ My total score _____
(Perfect total score: 100)

Answers in Teacher Edition

II. What Do You Think?

Have you ever made the mistake made by Cress and by her father as a boy—adopting a pose or manner that didn't really reflect your true personality? Or have you ever known anyone who did? Is such a mistake usually a total loss—or does it often serve a worthwhile purpose? What purpose do you think Cress's mistake served in her development as a person?

In what ways were Cress and her father different from Mrs. Delahanty? How did this difference actually help the three of them to love and appreciate each other more? Did Cress's mother show the greater wisdom in her attitude toward Cress's "crazy" period—or did her father? Or did both of them reveal an equally understanding (if different) approach to their daughter's problem? Explain your answer in a paragraph or two.

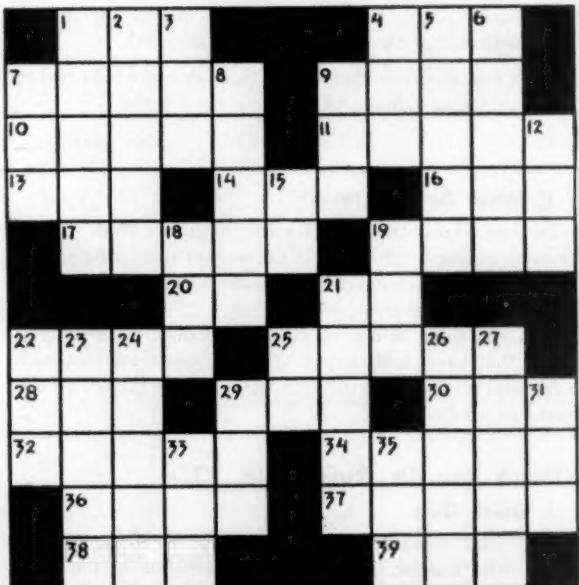
ACROSS

- * 1. Honest ____ Lincoln is identified by the (22 down) cabin in which he lived.
- 4. Part of you.
- 7. These live on land and in water and both jump and swim.
- 9. Not far.
- * 10. Cupid strikes lovers with his ____.
- * 11. Sir Winston Churchill is usually seen with a ____.
- 13. Light brown.
- 14. Exclamation of triumph.
- 16. Coward's protection.
- 17. Periods of time.
- * 19. Mention this name and you think of the telephone.
- 20. Rod (abbrev.).
- 21. Post Office (abbrev.).
- 22. Be without something.
- * 25. This labor leader is famed for his bushy eyebrows.
- 28. Auto lubricant.
- 29. He who keeps an ____ to the ground picks up lots of information.
- 30. Opposite of "yea."
- * 32. A ____ slipper identifies this fairy tale character.
- * 34. Ichabod ____ is associated with the Headless Horseman.
- 36. One of the Great Lakes.
- 37. Indirect suggestions.
- 38. Daughters of the American Revolution (abbrev.).
- 39. Green vegetable.

DOWN

- 1. Display.
- 2. Carried.
- 3. Sense of importance.
- 4. Floral wreath, sign of Hawaiian welcome.
- 5. Bird which is always associated with the U. S.
- * 6. That which identifies the knight in 33 down.
- 7. Not thin.
- * 8. This hung over the head of a Greek courter, to remind him of the danger of too much power.
- 9. Non-Commissioned Officer (abbrev.).
- 12. Religion (abbrev.).
- 15. High School (abbrev.).
- * 18. Biblical character, Noah, is famous for his ____.
- * 19. Robin Hood is identified by his long ____.
- 21. Roost, sit.
- * 22. See 1 across; he lived in a ____ cabin.
- 23. Was sick.
- * 24. ____ Barton founded the American Red Cross.
- 25. French for "Wow!" : "Oo la ____"
- 26. Senseless, silly.
- * 27. ____ Claus is identified by his reindeer.
- 29. East Southeast (abbrev.).
- 31. What the kneeling suitor hopes to hear.
- * 33. ____ Galahad is identified by the Holy (6 down).
- * 35. ____ van Winkle is associated with a 20-year nap.

Clues to Fame



* There are 48 words in this puzzle. The words starred with an asterisk (*) are all clues to the identification of famous people, organizations, or countries. Allow yourself 4 points for each starred word (there are 17) and one point for each of the others. Add a bonus of one point if you get all the starred words right. If you get all the words, plus the bonus, you should have a total score of 100. Answers are on page 20, but don't look now. Wait until you have completed the puzzle. Why spoil your fun?

Have Fun with Words

World of Words

Mrs. Delahanty, the mother of the heroine in "Cress Delahanty" (p. 28), admired her husband because he was so much at home in the world of words. Mrs. Delahanty believed that she herself was a woman of actions rather than of words—but her speech shows that she also used words effectively and accurately.

How about you? Can you define the following ten words from "Cress Delahanty" correctly—and use them?

I. Match the words in *Column I* with their correct definitions in *Column II* by placing the letters of the appropriate *Column II* definitions before the numbers of the *Column I* words. Count five points for each correct answer. Total: 50.

<i>Column I</i>	<i>Column II</i>
1. recapitulates	a. scattered, caused to vanish
2. attributes (<i>noun</i>)	b. confused, disorderly
3. apprehended	c. impulsive, natural
4. loath	d. qualities belonging to a person
5. soporific	e. person or thing of no importance
6. spontaneous	f. perceived; (also arrested)
7. dispelled	g. unwilling
8. chaotic	h. repeats, adds up in the same way
9. opportune	i. tending to make drowsy
10. nonentity	j. occurring at a favorable time

My score _____

Put Words to Work

II. First correct any mistakes you have made in Section I. Then insert in the blank spaces in each of the quotations from the story that follow a word from Section I which fits the meaning indicated in parentheses. Count five points for each quotation. Total: 50.

1. " 'Have some cocoa? It's _____.' " (conducive to sleep)

2. "John had analyzed his emotions and her _____ as if both were subjects suitable for the biology textbook." (characteristics)

3. "Mr. Delahanty's sudden whoop of laughter, however,

_____ this happy supposition." (drove away, dissolved)

4. "It's exactly as _____ as a vaudeville act and I think we ought to put a stop to it." (effortless, unpremeditated)

Beware of the Moon!

Lunatic. "The Crowder office building became a Mecca and a haven for the *lunatic* fringe of humanity."—"The Vital Factor," p. 3.

Do you remember the derivation of the word *influence*, which we explained in the October issue? The origin of that word is in the ancient belief that a mysterious liquid "flowed in" (Latin *in*, "in," and *fluere* "to flow") from the heavens to influence people's lives.

Lunatic is another word that dates back to this old belief that people on earth were affected by the stars and planets. *Lunatic*, meaning insane or crazy, has its roots in the Latin *luna*, which means "moon." For the moon was believed to be the heavenly body that caused mental disorders in human beings. The common term "moon-struck" reflects the same idea.

Today, of course, we know more about the real causes of insanity. Nevertheless, don't underestimate the moon! Strange things *can* happen to people on a moonlit night—as many popular songs will tell you.



5. "Cress _____ John." (reflects, repeats)

6. "At the end of three months . . . she had been a com-

plete _____." (utterly insignificant person)

7. "But John . . . revealed to her this richer world of motives rightly _____." (grasped, conceived of)

8. "The first _____ moment came that very afternoon." (timely)

9. "But she was _____ to speak of them unless Cress did." (reluctant)

10. "They were not the two dark _____ ones, were they, while she was no more than the dependable housewife of known and small dimensions?" (disorganized, bewildered)

My score _____

My total score _____

Answers in Teacher Edition

Composition Capers

You're Ready to Go—

—When you've got that story outlined, in your mind or on paper. And we hope that you've got such a story idea seething in your brain right now. For the March 1st Scholastic Writing Awards deadline is nearer than you think!

Of course, a story idea isn't a story—no more than a pie crust is a pie. It's a beginning, a base on which to build. But it needs "filling in." Your job now is to decide what that "filling" is going to be.

Making Ideas Come to Life

Your story outlines consist of one or more general ideas. You have in mind certain characters, settings, and actions. And you have certain observations to make about them. Now it's time to decide *how* you're going to make these generalizations real and vivid to your reader.

You'll start off on the right track if you stop to think of how you yourself form general ideas and reactions in real life. Do such concepts just come to you "out of the blue"? As a rule, they don't. Most of us form ideas and impressions as a result of *concrete* experiences. We react to other people in terms of things that they do or say, and of their appearance and manner. Our impressions of places are usually decided upon by our observation of certain definite details that strike our eyes.

The good writer provides his reader with similar concrete details. He doesn't string together a series of generalizations and call it a story. He provides the reader with the kinds of details that will enable him to form his *own* reactions and impressions. And such details are what the "filling" of a good story consists of.

How It Works

To illustrate what we have in mind, let's consider Jessamyn West's "Cress Delahanty" (p. 28). Miss West may have begun by outlining her story to herself as follows: "I want to portray a young person who is growing up and trying to find herself (or himself). I want to set this (let's make it a girl) girl's struggle against the background of her home, so that we can view her actions from her parents' point of view as well as her own. In the end, I want my readers to have gained a deeper understanding of a special problem of adolescence as it was reflected in one teen-ager and as it affected her parents."

If you've read "Cress Delahanty," you already have a pretty good idea of how Miss West "filled in" this general idea that forms the skeleton of her story. And she has done the job so skillfully that boys and girls and adults can all find something meaningful in her story.



But let's see just how some specific details are used to make this idea come to life:

Background of home: Comfortable middle-class; warm, inviting. Such details as the following help to form this impression: the fireplace with its fire of eucalyptus chunks, Mr. and Mrs. Delahanty playing Russian bank together, the evening snack of hot chocolate and toasted cheese sandwiches, the morris chair in the living room, Mrs. Delahanty sugaring walnuts for Christmas gifts.

Parents' point of view: Concerned, interested, but in different ways. The story of why Mrs. Delahanty broke her engagement with Mr. Delahanty for two days, Mr. Delahanty's interest in making lists, Mr. Delahanty's former career as "Spit" Delahanty, Mrs. Delahanty's admission to herself that she would not be happy until Cress was herself again.

A Special Problem of Adolescence: Cress's desire to be noticed at school. Quotations—Bernardine Deever's comment about Cress, Cress's comments about people and situations at school, I. Marcum's column; the anecdote about Mr. DuMont in the assembly program; the "shoe gag" on the bus; Cress's account of how the students laughed at her serious speech.

The Big Four

You may have noticed that most of the details Miss West puts to such good effect come under the headings of *character description, setting, action, and dialogue*. Details relating to each of these four headings are likely to be the material with which you build your story.

Think in terms of character description, setting, action, and dialogue when you decide upon the details to use in your story. Ask yourself what details you can give about the characters that will best help the reader to feel not only that he sees and hears these people, but that he understands them. Let the setting of your story be clear—sometimes just one detail may do the trick. (The mention of a dim lamp with an ugly flowered shade, for example, summons up the picture of a whole room.) Include details of action that not only further the plot of your story but also reveal something about the people involved. And remember the importance of dialogue—both as a means of making the reader feel that he is "listening in" and as a source of variety in your writing.

Like a Movie

We suggest that you sit down with pencil and paper and an hour or so of uninterrupted time. Let your story run through your mind as if it were a series of movie sequences. Try to visualize the situation, the setting, the characters. What are the characters like as persons? How would a movie audience know this? Would it be necessary for a narrator—or you, the author—to give a further explanation in order to make the characters understandable? Jot down any details, pictures, ideas that come to your mind. Your list will be long and chronological. Then go back over it. Now's the time to carefully pick, cross out, and add details until you have those—but only those—which you think important in telling your particular story.



Student confronts headmaster in tense scene from *Fireside Theatre* production of "Thank You, Dr. Russell."

"Thank You, Dr. Russell"

A TV PLAY

Based on a story by B. J. Chute

Adapted for "Fireside Theatre" by
Herbert Little, Jr. and David Victor

CHARACTERS

ALAN MARTIN, JR., student

FIVE OTHER STUDENTS

DR. WILLIAM RUSSELL, headmaster,
Chadwick Preparatory School

JANET RUSSELL, his wife

MR. TURNER, assistant headmaster

MR. COREY, chairman of the Board

MR. BURROUGHS, member of the Board

MISS EDWARDS, secretary

MR. ALAN MARTIN, SR.

*Fade in to plaque on stone pillar,
reading: CHADWICK PREPARATORY SCHOOL.*

Dissolve to shot of snowy campus at night, moving to the exterior of headmaster's house. It is a modest dwelling that suggests old-fashioned grace and charm. Lights from the windows gleam out into the snowy night.

Dissolve to living room. Dr. Will Russell, headmaster at Chadwick Preparatory School, is standing. He's a tall man in his late sixties; white-haired, vigorous—with a sly, gruff charm and a saving sense of humor. There's an amused smile on his face as he addresses one of his "boys."

RUSSELL: Oh, come now, Thomas . . . with all history to choose from, certainly there must be one outstanding figure whose role you envy and wouldn't mind playing yourself.

(Camera shows full shot of a large, comfortable, warm-hearted room full of books. With Dr. Russell are about six

students sitting about. The boys, all except one, are about 17 and are dressed with unwanted formality for this occasion. Camera occasionally highlights the sullen attitude of Alan Martin, 18. He sprawls in his chair, disdainful of the whole affair. He wears a sweater, dirty flannels, and his hair is mussed. He's obviously making a very special effort to be indifferent. Thomas is a comically pudgy young man who regards himself as quite a wit. The attention of the other boys is focused on him.)

TOMMY (the thinker): Okay, lemme think now—er—history . . . history . . .

Originally produced by "Fireside Theatre" over NBC-TV, Tuesday, November 2, 1954—Frank Wisbar, producer-director. Copyright, 1954, by the Crowell-Collier Publishing Co. All rights reserved under the International and Pan American Conventions.

(Tommy scratches his head.)

BOY I: Get on with it, Tommy boy. I've got an early class tomorrow.

TOMMY (straining): Somebody in history—lemme think now . . .

BOY I (drily): History repeats itself!

(A roar of laughter—from all except Alan, who sits sullen, scornful, and aloof.)

TOMMY: Hey, I know! What about Reginald Q. Proudfoot?

RUSSELL (suspecting a rib): I beg your pardon?

TOMMY: Well, that's kind of a pseudonym, Dr. Russell.

RUSSELL (with a twinkle): I should hope so . . .

TOMMY (professionally): Research has left considerable doubt about this character's real name, sir. (Russell nods gravely.) Historians have ganged up in a conspiracy of silence against him. (Pause) You see . . . he was Lady Godiva's* horse's groom.

(A burst of laughter for good old Tommy. Alan burrows deeper in his chair, pained and disgusted.)

RUSSELL (wryly): Hmmm. Shakespeare. Pasteur. Abraham Lincoln. And now . . . finally . . . an honest answer.

(There's more laughter. Mrs. Russell appears in the archway carrying a pot of tea on a tray. She's pleased with all the mirth and merriment, happy for her husband. She's in her early sixties, well-poised and self-possessed. Despite a fragile, most charming manner, she has a dry, penetrating wit.)

Mrs. R (heads for table): Well, well, I seem to've missed something.

RUSSELL: Thomas has just enlivened our rather academic game with er—a solid boff, I believe the term is.

Mrs. R (quickly, drily): Yock, my dear. Don't be a square. (Laughter) Now, boys, if anyone cares for more tea, step right up.

(One or two of the boys go to the table. Alan, rudely preoccupied, is immersed in his own game: balancing cup and saucer precariously on the arm of his chair.)

RUSSELL: Er—what about you, Alan? You've been very quiet.

(Alan is startled, and almost tips over cup and saucer. He's immediately resentful of his own clumsiness.)

RUSSELL (goes on): Don't you have a favorite historical personage?

(There's a sudden tension in the room. The other boys regard Alan with varying degrees of resentment and impatience.)

RUSSELL: Well . . . ?

ALAN (too consciously sardonic): Maybe I'd better pass. If I said some-

thing intelligent, it might spoil all the jolly fun.

(A wave of acute embarrassment floods the room. Close shot of Russell. The boy's attitude hurts as much as it shocks the headmaster. But he merely looks at Alan a little sadly.)

RUSSELL: On the contrary, my boy. Light without shadow becomes exceedingly dull. Besides—(Smiles, rubs his chin,) as the new headmaster, it would be a bright feather in my cap if I could boast of my very first "open house" at Chadwick turning into a scholarly forum.

(Pause. The boys sense that the headmaster has thrown down a challenge.)

RUSSELL: Speak up, Alan. The floor is yours.

ALAN (defiant): All right! For my money, the only man in history I'd even bother wanting to be is Alexander the Great!

(Jeers and snickers at this pretentious notion. But Dr. Russell is earnestly, solemnly attentive.)

RUSSELL (musing): A very interesting choice. A young man who set out to conquer the world . . .

ALAN (hotly, aggressive): And he was no lame-brain, either! He learned everything old Aristotle had to teach him. But he didn't stop there! Whenever he led his armies, he planted Greek civilization!

(Boys wink and grimace, determined not to be impressed. But . . . close shot of Russell. He is impressed.)

RUSSELL: Er . . . that's quite right, Alan. But unfortunately, it was done by force of arms, and ended in tragedy. Alexander was dead at 33—consumed by his own lust for power.

ALAN (bridles): But he got what he wanted, didn't he? Nobody was big enough to tell him what to do!

RUSSELL (countering mildly): Not precisely virtues prescribed by his teacher-old Aristotle.

ALAN (vehemently): He had an even better teacher! His own father! Phillip of Macedonia! The old boy taught him to reach out and take what he wanted!

RUSSELL (genuinely impressed, but saddened and upset): You do know your history, don't you?

ALAN (ignoring compliment): Now I guess I've said enough. I'll buzz off and you can get along with the party . . .

(Getting up, Alan tips over the cup and saucer, and they smash to floor. There's a deep pause of embarrassment. Angry with himself, Alan stands there rigidly.)

MRS R (quickly into breach): Oh, come now, Alan, don't act as though it were a disaster. (She takes a "silent butler" from the table, and as two boys help her pick up the bits of china, she continues.) I'm quite used to picking up the pieces. In private, I often refer

to Dr. Russell as "Mr. Butterfingers."

TOMMY: Er—fellows, I think it's about time we going . . . huh?

(There are general ad libs of assent as the boys gather around Dr. Russell to shake hands.)

RUSSELL: It's been a very stimulating evening gentlemen. And I want you all to feel free to drop in any time . . .

(As the boys have gathered around Russell, Alan has sat down again, taken out a checkbook. He now has it on the arm of the chair and is ferociously scribbling out a check. He tears out check, replaces book in his pocket, and gets up.)

RUSSELL (still saying goodbye): I think I can assure you I'll know all your names within a very short time. Unlike the traditional college professor, I've been blessed with a phenomenal memory.

(There's laughter, ad libs. Alan walks over to Dr. Russell and thrusts the check at him. The headmaster looks at it, puzzled—then looks back at Alan.)

ALAN (tautly): I made it out for fifty dollars. If that's not enough to cover the damage, just say so.

(It's a very squirming, embarrassing moment for all but Alan, who clings to his defiance. Dr. Russell, for the moment, is so deeply saddened that the boy should somehow feel compelled to make such a gesture that he's at a loss for words.)

MRS. R: How very generous, Alan! But quite needless . . .

ALAN (stubbornly): I probably spoiled your tea set, and I'm going to pay for it. Money doesn't mean anything to me, and besides . . . my father would want it that way!

MRS. R (brightly): Well—er—if you must be so insistent, I have an excellent idea.

(Russell squints inquiringly at his wife.)

MRS. R (blithely): Dr. Russell can take the money and buy a set of Morrissey's ten volume work on the *Life and Times of Alexander the Great . . .* and donate it to the school library.

RUSSELL (after a beat): Er—yes—and in your name, Alan.

(Alan looks at the headmaster and his wife suspiciously, feeling that he's being outmaneuvered.)

RUSSELL: It will be something you can look back on later in life . . . when you may want to ponder if you've chosen an ideal worth emulating.

ALAN (about to bluster): You don't have to worry about what I—(Stops suddenly.) Goodnight.

(He turns, hurries out through archway. Russell, quickly, to relieve the tension, puts his arms about the shoulders of a couple of the boys as he shepherds them out. . . . He glances back at his wife with admiration. She gives him a modest "think-nothing-of-it" look.

*A legendary English lady whose husband declared that he would relieve the town of a tax when his wife rode naked through its streets (meaning never). His wife took him up on his promise and did ride naked through the streets.

Dissolve to later that evening. Russell sits in a big easy chair. He gnaws thoughtfully on the stem of his pipe, glancing at the check in his other hand. Mrs. Russell, with a small apron on, comes into scene.

RUSSELL: Well, would you say the new headmaster was a success this evening?

Mrs. R: You were an enormous hit, dear . . . (*Glances at check*) . . . and especially with young Alan Martin, despite the way he locked horns with you.

RUSSELL: Now how did you arrive at that amazing conclusion? (*Fumbles for a match to relight pipe*.)

Mrs. R: You should be flattered. The boy considers you a worthy opponent.

RUSSELL: Oh?

Mrs. R: And that business about the check—that was just a gesture because he couldn't be sure he'd come out on top.

RUSSELL (*slowly*): Janet—I didn't tell you, but I invited Alan here tonight because he's a problem. Probably the first *real* problem I've come up against here at Chadwick.

Mrs. R: It's little wonder. A youngster who can dash off fifty dollar checks at the drop of a cup is bound to be some kind of problem.

RUSSELL (*quietly, nodding sadly*): It's almost psychotic . . . the way he reacts to any form of authority. His insolence seems to be an old story here. But finally Mr. Baker couldn't put up with it any longer and reported him.

Mrs. R: Mr. Baker? Of the English Department? I don't believe it! That nice little man wouldn't report a monster!

RUSSELL (*ruefully*): Obviously he considers Alan just that. (*He hasn't been too successful in lighting his pipe. Janet leans over and lights it for him.*) Thank you, my dear. (*Then, gravely*) At any rate, I have a meeting with the lad in my office in the morning.

Mrs. R: Mmm—seems he was giving you a preview of what you can expect.

RUSSELL (*nods*): And I don't know quite what to say to him. I know he has a wealthy father—and he's probably been spoiled rotten—but it must run deeper than that.

Mrs. R: You'll know what to say when the time comes, Will. Whatever you do, don't say anything to pique him into writing another check. I'd be very much tempted to keep it.

(Dissolve to Russell's office the next day. There's snow on the window panes. Dr. Russell is seated at the desk. Hiked up on one side is Mr. Turner, a rather pompous, portly assistant headmaster.)

TURNER: I don't suppose I can be of any more help now, Doctor.

RUSSELL: No, I guess I'm on my own.

(*Turner stops—waits—*) I appreciate how helpful you've been. . . .

TURNER: Not at all—

RUSSELL: After all, you were next in line to be headmaster and I was brought in from the outside. . . .

TURNER (*unctuously*): I couldn't be less envious of you, Doctor. Especially at a time like this.

(*Door opens. Miss Edwards, Russell's secretary, steps in.*)

EDWARDS: Alan Martin is here, Doctor.

RUSSELL: Tell him to come in, Miss Edwards.

TURNER (*with a smug grin*): Good luck. You'll need it. (*Goes to door*.)

(*Alan walks in with a careless swagger.*)

RUSSELL: Sit down, Alan.

(*Turner, at door, looks triumphant, knowing, as though he can foresee the decline and fall of Dr. Russell. Then exits. Alan continues to stand, out of sheer perversity.*)

RUSSELL: I invited you to sit down, Alan.

ALAN (*shrugs*): Sure. (*Throws himself into the leather club chair—places his long legs over one of the arms.*)

(*Russell observes the boy's demeanor thoughtfully.*)

RUSSELL: You know, Alan, it's good, for once, to hear someone talk without tacking a "sir" onto everything . . . like a sore thumb.

ALAN (*unimpressed*): It is?

RUSSELL: The great trouble with respect to age is that you have to be really young to enjoy it properly.

ALAN (*cynically*): I'll have to remember that.

RUSSELL (*picks up a folder from the desk*): I can see you're as anxious to get on with this thing as I am. (*Indicates folder.*) There's enough in your record to justify dismissal from Chadwick two or three times over.

ALAN: Well?

RUSSELL (*very patiently*): I know that old men are fond of giving good advice to console themselves for being no longer in a position to set a bad example, but I truly want to help you, son.

ALAN (*growls taut*): Do you have to call me "son," sir?

RUSSELL (*taken aback*): What?

ALAN: Never mind. Just go on with the lecture.

RUSSELL (*with a sigh*): You're forcing my hand, Alan. I admit you've no reason to admire the discipline here. You seem to've done very much as you please. And—and I can't allow it to go on.

ALAN (*looks at him contemptuously, gets to his feet*): Is that all you wanted to tell me?

RUSSELL: No—there was a great deal more. But there's no way of getting to you, it seems.

ALAN: May I go now?

RUSSELL (*with a tired wave of hand*): Yes, Alan. Please go. For the first time in my career a boy has made me feel utterly useless.

(*Alan staggers off. Russell sits there, elbows on the desk, looking very old. He's hardly aware of Miss Edwards when she enters.*)

EDWARDS: Oh, Doctor—I thought perhaps I'd better remind you that there's a meeting of the Board of Trustees tomorrow afternoon.

RUSSELL: Strange. . . . I was just attending that meeting—in my mind. And it wasn't a very pleasant one. . . .

(*Dissolve to Dr. Russell entering his home. Mrs. Russell meets him at the door.*)

Mrs. R: You're late, Will. (*She helps him off with his coat.*)

RUSSELL: I thought I'd take a little walk around the campus.

MRS. R (*smiling*): While you were playing Viking why didn't you cut a hole in the ice on the pond and take a dip? (*Chiding gently*) Now suppose you tell me what could be so devastating that you had to walk it off . . . as though I couldn't guess.

RUSSELL: Yes, the Martin boy.

Mrs. R: Come along. I've got a good fire going. And you could do with a glass of sherry before we attack the bewildering problems of youth.

(*He smiles at her gratefully, pats her hand, they start for living room. Dr. Russell, with a sigh of vast relief, sinks into his favorite chair.*)

RUSSELL: I wonder if old Aristotle felt as frustrated as I do when he couldn't curb young Alexander's violent spirit?

MRS. R: Was it that bad?

RUSSELL: He gave me no choice but to bring the matter before the Board of Trustees tomorrow.

MRS. R: I'm sorry. . . . Beneath all the boy's blustering, I can't help feeling he hates himself—horribly—for having to act this way.

RUSSELL: Blast it all, Janet! I don't know what's wrong with me. I find myself actually admiring this boy—for some strange reason. Yes, despite his disrespect for everything I'm supposed to stand for as headmaster.

Mrs. R: That isn't so hard to understand.

RUSSELL (*looking at her in surprise*): It isn't?

Mrs. R: Don't you see, dear, you're remembering our Robert? Why, the two almost look alike.

RUSSELL (*sudden realization*): Say, you're right. The same high spirit, too. Yes . . . (*She nods as he remembers fondly.*) Remember how Robbie used to bone up on some obscure historical incident, then steer the conversation around to it just to show me how much I didn't know? (*Laughs softly.*)

(They both sit for a second, remembering.)

RUSSELL (snaps out of his mood): No, I can't let young Martin demoralize the whole school.

Mrs. R: You do what you think is best, Will.

RUSSELL: I hate to go running to the Board on my first problem but—

(Sound—door chimes. Close shot as Janet opens the door and Alan enters.)

Mrs. R (casually): Oh, hello, Alan. Dr. Russell's in the living room.

ALAN (grimly): Oh . . .

(Dr. Russell scarcely has time to become aware of Alan before the boy blurts out—)

ALAN: Mr. Baker told me you're bringing my case before the Board tomorrow.

RUSSELL: Yes, I am—regretfully.

ALAN (belligerently): Why don't you forget it! It'll save you a lot of grief and trouble.

RUSSELL (levelly): You're not merely being rude now, Alan. What is it you're really trying to say with this great big chip on your shoulder?

ALAN (awkward and flustered for the first time): What? Er . . . nothing! Only what I said! It just won't do you any good! I'm going to graduate!

RUSSELL (quietly): Obviously you don't consider me much of an obstacle.

ALAN (bitter, cynical): You remember my ideal, don't you? Alexander the Great! It was his father who showed him how to stand up against anybody and get away with it! None of the mumbo-jumbo of a teacher could change that!

(Alan turns on his heels abruptly and strides from the room. Slightly aghast, Russell and Janet stand there until they hear sound of door slam.)

RUSSELL (quietly): Clearly his father is the key to the whole problem.

Mrs. R: What are you going to do, Will?

RUSSELL (very tired): I don't know. Only one thing is clear: Alan has become vitally important in my life. And I in his. I can't let him down.

Mrs. R: The Board meeting?

RUSSELL: I shall inform the trustees that Aristotle is putting Alexander the Great on probation. Then we shall see what comes of that.

(Dissolve to board room. Close up of Chairman Corey. His face is bloated with incredulity.)

COREY (slowly): What . . . what do you mean, Dr. Russell . . . put—put Alan Martin on probation?

(Full shot of a very sedate room. About eight men sit at a long conference table. To Corey's left is Mr. Turner. To Corey's right sits Burroughs, a very tough-minded and influential member of the Board.)

RUSSELL (simply): Probation would seem the fairest solution, Mr. Corey.

Er—with the understanding that one more offense would mean dismissal. And his father should be told right away.

(The Board members now look away, avoiding Russell's gaze, in obvious discomfiture. Corey glances at Burroughs.)

BURROUGHS: I take it, Doctor, that you don't know all the facts.

RUSSELL: What facts, Mr. Burroughs?

TURNER (with a proper note of deference, lining up with the Board): Since Dr. Russell is relatively new here, perhaps I . . . ? (General nods permit him the floor, and he regards Russelldescendingly.) It's unfortunate, Doctor, that I've neglected to inform you that the boy was a problem long before he came to us in his sophomore year, and we were very dubious about—er—

BURROUGHS (cuts in): Let's stop beating around the bush, Mr. Turner. The situation amounts to this, Doctor: The boy's father made us a proposition. The promise of a generous endowment to Chadwick when Alan graduates.

RUSSELL (tightly): I'm beginning to see, Mr. Burroughs.

COREY (quickly): The financial condition of any prep school is precarious at best. You know that.

RUSSELL: Am I wrong in presuming that Alan has somehow found out about this—this arrangement?

TURNER: Unhappily, yes—at the end of the sophomore year.

RUSSELL: And then proceeded to be all of the problem his father predicted—and more.

BURROUGHS (hastily, defensively): But, there's no connection between—

RUSSELL (rises, angrily): You find no connection, Mr. Burroughs, between a boy's contempt for authority and his discovery that that same authority is up for sale to the highest bidder?

COREY (hits fist on table): Dr. Russell, you have no right to imply—

BURROUGHS: Hold it, Corey. (A beat) Let me make myself clear, Doctor. I'm a businessman, and I like to consider things from a practical point of view. The Board of Trustees is here to benefit the school as a whole, and Mr. Martin's donation would be most useful and—

RUSSELL (forcefully): However practical your reasoning, sir, I must be true to my position as headmaster.

TURNER (purrs sarcastically): Our new headmaster is an idealist, it seems.

RUSSELL (with a bow): Unless you suddenly decide to dispense with my services, I shall write a letter to Mr. Martin and explain the terms of his son's probation. Good day, gentlemen! (Exits.)

(Close shot of Turner, his face smugly triumphant.

(Dissolve to Russell living room. Mr. Burroughs, still wearing his overcoat, is

walking about agitatedly, puffing on a cigar. He comes to stop abruptly as Dr. Russell comes into the house and enters living room.)

BURROUGHS: Hello, Doctor, I've been waiting here—chatting with Mrs. Russell—hoping to see you before you did anything—er—rash.

RUSSELL: I had to stop off at my office and dictate a letter to Miss Edwards.

BURROUGHS: Then I think it would be wise if you called immediately—told her not to mail it.

RUSSELL (to himself): Wisdom—ah, wisdom . . .

BURROUGHS: I like you, Dr. Russell. It was on my recommendation that your name was originally submitted to the trustees—I should be very sorry to have the Board become prejudiced against you, merely because you seem determined to lose us a generous endowment. (Trying to soften his ultimatum.) There are times, Doctor, when a certain kind of high-mindedness is pure luxury—times when it works against the benefit of the majority.

RUSSELL: What about that unhappy minority of one—Alan Martin, Jr.?

BURROUGHS: He'll graduate.

RUSSELL: To what?

BURROUGHS: Sorry, I must be going. Don't bother coming to the door. (With a smile to Mrs. Russell.) I know you'll help the doctor be reasonable. (Exits. Front door slams.)

RUSSELL (after a pause, grimly): You heard the man. (He slumps into his chair. Janet walks over and stands above him, a tower of strength.)

Mrs. R: Yes . . . and I feel sorry for him. He just doesn't understand.

RUSSELL: Janet—let us be practical for a moment—(slowly she sits down on the ottoman—) When I came here I was like a ship coming to harbor. Here was security—and usefulness—and work I loved—the only work I know. Happiness and safety for you.

Mrs. R (also quietly): Darling, I thought you knew. I always feel safe and happy when I'm with you.

RUSSELL: I could still call Miss Edwards . . .

Mrs. R: But you won't. You've lived by a pretty fine code all your life. I won't have you desert it now.

RUSSELL (looks at her with infinite gratitude): Thank you, Janet. (With a chuckle) I only wish I could have you at my side when I have to face the wrath of Alan Martin, Sr.

(Fade in: Snow-covered campus of prep school. Students hurrying along paths during break in classes. Dissolve to Russell's office. Russell is at his desk glancing over some school reports when Miss Edwards steps in.)

MISS EDWARDS: Mr. Martin is here to see you, Dr. Russell. Shall I—?

(Before Russell can answer, Mr. Mar-

tins sweeps in brusquely. He's a confident, aggressive man in his late 40's, who obviously considers his time worth money.)

MARTIN: That's all right, Miss. I'll introduce myself. Not that it's necessary . . . (With a glance back to outer office) . . . Come along, Alan.

RUSSELL: Don't you think it would be wiser, Mr. Martin, if your son were to wait outside?

MARTIN (snaps): Why? You know why I'm here. So does he.

(Russell shrugs, indicates a chair for Mr. Martin, who sits down. He points to another chair—with a nod toward Alan.)

RUSSELL: You, too, Alan—if you will. (But the boy prefers to lounge lazily against the wall. The headmaster notes that Alan is expecting a showdown.) I'm very grateful you could manage to get here, Mr. Martin.

MARTIN (contemptuous snort): Let's dispense with the formalities. What's the big idea—putting the kid on probation? (Russell looks down gravely at his desk top, holding himself motionless. There's a pause.) Well? What've you to say? I thought I'd insured myself against this kind of thing. (Russell looks up past Martin to Alan. The boy's face is strained and angry, his mouth twisted in a painfully unboyish curve.) I'm a very busy man. I haven't time for all this running around. I've made it clear that I want my boy to graduate from Chadwick, and I'm quite willing to stand in back of him and see that he does.

RUSSELL (quietly): You must forgive me if I seem at a loss for words, Mr. Martin. I'm not used to dealing with young people's lives as though they were commodities in a business transaction.

MARTIN (looks at him more closely, as though sizing him up for the first time): Wait a minute . . . you're new here, aren't you? (Russell nods.) Perhaps you don't know about the endowment I've promised the school. (Martin pulls his chair closer to the desk, taking it for granted that this will change the complexion of things. But Russell merely looks at him wearily.)

RUSSELL: I know all about that. (As he speaks, he glances back once more at Alan. The boy's smirk seems to say: "Well, what are you going to do about it?" After a pause, Russell leans forward, his hands in front of him.) Mr. Martin, I don't think you understand my position. The future of a school like Chadwick is the future of its boys. In a way, I'm the keeper of that future, and I'd hoped . . .

(Martin looks at him wonderingly. Then his eyes light in understanding.)

MARTIN: Oh, yes—the future. Of course! I think I see your point. (Takes out a fountain pen and begins unscrewing the top.) If Alan has been a bit

more of a problem than I expected . . . and you want to drive a harder bargain, Doctor . . . I guess I'm at your mercy. (Produces a check book and begins to write out a check.) There's no reason why the school should wait for its money. (Russell watches the business-like flourish of Martin's pen. He looks up at Alan. The boy's look seems to say that even the very high-principled headmaster cannot stand up against his father's weapons. Mr. Martin leans over and thrusts the check toward Russell.) That make everything all right, Russell?

(Russell takes the check, looks at it, finally says quietly:)

RUSSELL: It must give you a great deal of omnipotence, Mr. Martin, to know that with mere scratching of a pen you can affect so many lives.

MARTIN (genuinely puzzled): What do you mean?

RUSSELL: This check can mean so much to the future of the school . . . the future of many boys like your son. In fact, it's all important to my own future—what little there's left of it. (Martin looks at him closely.) It's very true, Mr. Martin. It would mean that my wife and I could be sure of living out our lives in quiet security here at Chadwick.

MARTIN (impatiently): Well, then, what's bothering you?

RUSSELL (a little sadly): Nothing I could possibly expect you to understand. (Deliberately, Russell tears the check in two and returns it to Martin. Then he looks toward Alan and says:)

I couldn't take that money from you and expect to keep your son's respect.

(Alan is profoundly affected by the gesture. Martin still holds the torn check in his hand. His anger slowly mounts as he gets to his feet.)

MARTIN (irately): I don't mind telling you, Russell, that I consider this an out and out insult. I'll find another school for Alan.

RUSSELL (slowly): As a father you'll have to do a great deal more than that for your son . . . if you ever expect him to grow up and act like a man.

(Alan is slowly beginning to react with admiration.)

MARTIN: I've had enough of this! I've wasted enough time! Go pack your things, Alan. (He starts for door. Alan doesn't react immediately. But finally he pushes away from the wall and seems to draw himself up. His father looks at him.) Well? You heard me!

ALAN (slowly): I—I'm not going, Father. I'm . . . staying here.

(Close up of Russell. This unexpected reversal fills him with inner excitement and renewed faith.)

MARTIN (incredulously): You're what?

ALAN (simply, determined): I said I'm staying here. (Hesitant glance to Russell) That is, if Dr. Russell will let me.

MARTIN (his voice a strangled shout, advancing toward his son): You'll do nothing of the sort! If you think for a moment I'll have you in a school that—(He stops short in front of Alan. Sees the boy's adamant position.) Now stop this! You're coming with me!

ALAN (slowly, determinedly): No . . . Father. I've wondered for a long time if there was anything you couldn't buy with your money. Now that I know there is, I'd like to stay right here where I saw it happen. (Russell is deeply touched.) Now I guess I'd better get back to class (To Dr. Russell) . . . sir?

(Alan and Russell look at each other. Martin glances from one to the other.)

RUSSELL (with a faint smile): Yes, my boy. That would be a good idea.

(Alan leaves, then comes back in, hesitates . . .)

ALAN: Oh, Dr. Russell—

RUSSELL: Yes?

ALAN: That check I gave you—did you buy those books for the library yet?

RUSSELL: I'm afraid I haven't had time to get around to it.

ALAN: Good. I mean, well—er—if it's all the same to you, sir . . . instead of the *Life and Times of Alexander the Great*, would you make it the works of . . . Aristotle?

RUSSELL (smiling): Gladly, Alan.

ALAN (for the first time in the whole play, he grins broadly): Thank you, Dr. Russell! (Exits.)

RUSSELL (slowly): I don't think you'll have to worry about your son graduating now.

(Somewhat chastened and still a little resentful, Martin approaches the desk.)

MARTIN: Never mind that. I want to know something else.

RUSSELL: Yes, Mr. Martin?

MARTIN (touch of envy): How the devil did you do it? I've given Alan everything a boy could ask for—hoping that some day he'd look at me the way he just looked at you.

RUSSELL: Sometimes all of us have to try just a little harder than we think we're able. (Smiles.) But now I'm sure you won't have to try quite so hard . . . because Alan will help you.

(The two men look at each other for a second. Martin holds out his hand, and Russell takes it.)

MARTIN (a little awkwardly): Well, I guess I'd better get along. I've got a train to make. (Starts for the door, changes his mind.) Come to think of it, the train can wait. (Almost belligerently.) Any reason I can't find time to have dinner with my son!

RUSSELL (grins, shakes head): None whatsoever.

MARTIN (self-consciously as he leaves): Oh, yes. Thank you, Dr. Russell. (Exits, closing door.)

(Close shot. At desk Russell picks up the silver-framed photograph of Janet, smiles affectionately at it.)



Cress Delahanty—“*that crazy kid!*”

Short Story by JESSAMYN WEST

Illustrated by Katherine Churchill Tracy

MRS. Delahanty went to the door of Crescent's room to remind her that it was time to set the table for supper. It was a fine Saturday afternoon in November and ordinarily Cress would have been outside, up in the hills with friends, or helping her father with the irrigation; or just walking about under the pepper and eucalyptus trees in the yard, deep in a world which found significance in the parchment-like bark peeled from a eucalyptus tree or in a bunch of berries (thirteen berries, exactly the number of years she had been alive—what was the meaning of that?)

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dropped from the pepper tree. But this afternoon Cress had spent in her room in spite of the clear warm weather and Mrs. Delahanty examined her daughter's stubby, somewhat boyish profile outlined against the golden light of the west windows with considerable curiosity.

“What are you writing, Cress?”

Cress looked up from the sheets of paper spread before her on the drop leaf of the rickety bamboo desk she had bought for herself that summer and said, “I'm not exactly writing, Mother.” The sheets had words on them and Cress had a pencil in her hand and, as if aware of this contradiction between appearance and truth, she added, “I'm making a list.”

At this Mrs. Delahanty smiled. In school she had learned that “ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny” and, while she had always been somewhat hazy as to the meaning of that sentence, still it had stayed in her memory and was her formula for accounting for her daughter: Cress recapitulates John. Since she loved and approved her husband, believing him to be not only handsome but as often as not wise and sensible as well, she was glad this was so. Yet it was strange, as now, to see the gestures and habits of a large dark thirty-eight-year-old rancher recapitulated in a medium-sized tow-haired girl.

How much simpler my life would have been, she thought, easing her shoulders against the door jamb, if Cress had re-

**Some call it "sophomoritis"—but it can strike
anyone, boy or girl, at any time at any age**

capitulated me, instead of John. John was hard enough to fathom in himself and writ large, without the added need of fathoming a John writ small, condensed, and made more obscure in a daughter. Nor was she helped any in understanding Cress's activity by the fact that it was one she had witnessed in John for fifteen years. More than fifteen years. She had once broken her engagement for two days because of a list John had made.

John had shown her one evening—with considerable pride, she now realized—a sheet of paper headed in a businesslike way, "Reasons for Loving Gertrude Amboy," a sheet Mrs. Delahanty still remembered with resentment. On it John had analyzed his emotions and her attributes as if both were subjects suitable for the biology textbook in which she had learned about recapitulation. He had started out with "I. Character" and wound up with "V. Physical Beauty," and he had pursued all headings, not only under A's, B's, and C's but even unto I's, 2's, and 3's. It still made her angry, and at the time she had believed it would be impossible to live with a man capable of dissecting his love in so orderly a fashion.

She had thrown his "Reasons for Loving Gertrude Amboy" down on the floor and stamped on it, treading with particular energy on the section headed "I. Character, A. Social, 1. calm."

"You haven't an ounce of romance in your make-up, John Delahanty," she had, she was afraid now, yelled.

"Gertrude," John had replied, "you know that isn't true."

She had, too; but she had been really hurt and she had turned her back on him, though this had been hard to accomplish, standing as she was with his arms about her, and had sobbed two or three times.

"I should think you would be glad to know you were marrying a man of reason," John had defended himself.

She had not said so then, but she thought then, as now, that there was probably very little connection between reason and list-making. List-making, she felt sure, was just a way some people had of being orderly about their unreason. What she had said then was, "A man who could make a list of reasons for loving anyone, could make a list for not loving them."

"Could and would," John had acknowledged cheerfully as though the fact were not damaging. He had held her momentarily far enough away from

him to be able to get into his coat pocket. "Look at this," he had said, holding a second sheet across her shoulder. It was headed, "Reasons for Not Loving Gertrude Amboy," and except for "I. None, A. None, 1. None" the sheet was completely empty. This, in theory, was just as offensive as the first list, but she had not felt quite the same way about it, had in fact been unable to resist kissing John back when he had kissed her. But it had taken her two long miserable days of non-engagement to accommodate herself to the idea of spending a lifetime with a list-maker, and to re-engage herself to John. And little did I know then, she thought, that what I was really going to have to accommodate myself to was a lifetime with two list-makers.

"What are you making a list of, Cress?" she asked.

She had no fear that she was intruding in private matters. One of John's greatest pleasures was the sharing of his lists. After two or three evenings hunched over catalogs and sheets of paper he would look up, about bedtime, and say, "See what you think of this, Gertrude," and begin to read from a list headed, "Supplies Needed for a Prolonged Trip in Sub-Zero Weather." Or perhaps something more simple, as "The Well-Stocked Cellarette"; or "Minimum Essentials for a Basic Library on Citriculture." They had neither cellar nor cellarette, they lived in Southern California where zero, let alone sub-zero, temperatures were never known, and the essentials of citriculture were all packed away in John's head without need of any library, basic or otherwise.

Cress looked up from her list and answered, "I'm making a list of traits, Mother."

"Traits?" Mrs. Delahanty asked.

"Good and bad traits," Cress said, and then explained further. "For school, that is."

"You mean personal traits?" Mrs. Delahanty asked.

"Kind of," Cress replied.

Mrs. Delahanty wondered anew. She had never in her life made a list of any kind except a grocery list and this only when pushed into it by John. Life was bigger, and better too, she thought, than words; and it was disappointing and restricting to see a picnic summed up in "Remember Kleenex, Band-Aid"; or a trip to the city drained of half its promise by a list headed, "Articles Needed En Route." There were clearly two classes of people in the world: those for whom the world was magnified and

enriched in words and those who could never find the beautiful world of their living and knowing on any sheet of paper. John and Cress belonged to the first class and she, belonging to the second, could only stand apart, as she did now, trying to understand the need they had for their journals and records, for their "Yesterday I rose at 6:30," and their "Tomorrow I plan to begin rereading *David Copperfield*." And their I's, II's, and III's.

"Traits like honesty, kindness, cheerfulness?" she asked.

"Well, like them," Cress said, "but they aren't on it. This is a list of traits useful for school."

"Isn't honesty useful for school?"

"Nobody at school I ever heard of was popular for honesty," Cress said. After Mrs. Delahanty had considered this in silence for some seconds Cress asked, "Did you ever hear anybody say, 'I'm just crazy about her, she's so honest?' Did you?"

"No," Mrs. Delahanty admitted, "I guess I never did."

"Me either," Cress said. "It's all right to be honest," Cress reassured her, "but there's nothing very outstanding about it."

"Oh, I don't know," Mrs. Delahanty said, trying to keep a foothold in this conversation which she felt to be, in spite of its subject matter, pretty slippery. "Look at Diogenes." We've remembered him all these years."

Cress sniffed. "He was hunting for an honest man, not being one. And it was his lantern that was outstanding. That was his trademark. That and his barrel."

"There have been a lot of people with lanterns and barrels we've forgotten, I expect."

Cress agreed. "The trademark's got to stand for something. But if you get a good gag and it stands for something—for all her conviction of tone Cress looked uncertain—"you're fixed, don't you think?" Before Mrs. Delahanty had answered this—if she could have answered it—Cress asked another question. "Mother, do you think I'm funny?"

"Funny?" Mrs. Delahanty repeated. If Cress was in the midst of some schoolgirl gloom because someone had called her funny, she certainly didn't want to add to it. On the other hand if by funny Cress meant witty she could not truthfully say she wasn't.

"I mean amusing," Cress explained forthrightly. "In your opinion can I say and do amusing things? Can I make you laugh?"

*Ancient Greek philosopher who carried a lantern as a symbol of his search for an honest man.

Controlling an inclination to laugh right then Mrs. Delahanty answered, "Yes, Cress. I think you can be very amusing and you have made me laugh many a time."

"Yesterday," Cress said, "I was told very confidentially something Bernardine Deever said. She said, 'That Crescent Delahanty is deliciously amusing.' It wasn't a trade last or anything like that. I didn't promise Hazel a thing in return for the compliment."

Mrs. Delahanty said, "I don't know about deliciously, but the rest is true enough."

Cress gave her mother a look of awe and unbelieving. "Bernardine Deever," she said. "Why, I didn't suppose she knew I was alive. Let alone amusing."

"Let alone deliciously," Mrs. Delahanty said, then seeing her daughter's expression alter, doubt replacing radiance, she hurried to add, "Who is this Bernardine, anyway?"

Cress brightened again at once. "Just about the most popular girl in school, that is all. Just about the most outstanding sophomore anyway."

"What makes Bernardine so outstanding?"

CRESS considered for a while. "Well, Bernardine's got practically everything, but her trademark is personality."

"Doesn't everyone have personality? Even fathers and mothers?" Mrs. Delahanty asked, trying to be a little amusing herself.

"Everybody has personality," Cress agreed. "Some people have positive personality and some people have negative personality." Mrs. Delahanty waited rather self-consciously for a further development of this idea, but Cress was interested only in Bernardine. "But glamorous personality is Bernardine's trademark."

"How is a person," Mrs. Delahanty asked, with real curiosity, "when a glamorous personality is her trademark?"

Mrs. Delahanty had supposed that this question would take some thinking about, but Cress had evidently thought about it before. "When glamorous personality is your trademark you are a law unto yourself," she answered promptly.

Mrs. Delahanty whistled. "Thank goodness your trademark isn't personality."

Cress put down her pencil with melancholy finality. "At present," she said, "I don't have a trademark. Not of any kind."

That night after supper Mr. Delahanty, who had been up at five, and who was put out with a climate so tardy with its rains that irrigating this late in

November was necessary, said to his wife, "I think I'll just stay home and read tonight. I have to reset the water at ten anyway and we'd have to rush home. You and Cress go ahead into town if you want to."

"I don't want to go," Cress said. "I'm busy."

"I'm not busy," Mrs. Delahanty admitted, "but I'm not enough interested in what happens when a lady mayor meets a male mayor to drive to the movies alone to find out."

"I can tell you what happens anyway," Mr. Delahanty said. "Same thing like when lady pearl-diver meets gentleman pearl-diver. Or lady surgeon meets male surgeon."

Cress listened to this exchange with an unsmiling face, then went to her room where Mrs. Delahanty heard the lid of the bamboo desk at once creak open. The evening had cooled and at eight Mrs. Delahanty lit a fire of eucalyptus chunks, then challenged her husband to a game of Russian bank. Mr. Delahanty accepted the challenge but he did not care whether he won or lost and Mrs. Delahanty wished for Cress, who followed the fall of each card with the intensity of a player who has the home ranch up at stake. At nine Cress came out, advised her father to his benefit on his play, but refused to play herself. "No, I just came out because of the fire. I've got work to do," she said and took her papers to the dining-room table.

At nine thirty, after losing his second game, Mr. Delahanty said, "Anybody want to go out and reset the water for me?" When no one answered he said, "Woman's work is from sun to sun but man's work is never done," and went outside cheerfully whistling *Swance River*.

Mrs. Delahanty, who knew what he would want when he came back to the house, went to the kitchen and made a pot of chocolate and a plate of toasted cheese sandwiches. Cress wandered out, watched her whip the chocolate to a foam and put the sandwiches in the oven, refused anything to eat, then picked up a large wedge of cheese and went off toward her room nibbling gloomily.

Mrs. Delahanty had planned to take the food in by the fire, but Mr. Delahanty said as he pulled off his muddy boots, "Let's have it on the dining-room table where there's room to spread out." He carried the tray in himself and had the chocolate poured by the time Mrs. Delahanty, who had forgotten the napkins, came to the table.

"What's this?" he asked, gesturing with a cheese sandwich toward the sheet of paper beside his chocolate cup.

Mrs. Delahanty, who had an idea, answered only, "What does it say?"

Mr. Delahanty read, stared, drank chocolate and finally said in a voice in which disbelief and sorrowful understanding mingled, "It says here, 'Useful Traits for School. I. Personality, A. Unusual, 1. Witty.'" He put the sheet down. "What's the meaning of this?"

"It's a list," Mrs. Delahanty said. "You ought to understand if anybody would."

Mr. Delahanty ate half a sandwich, then picked up a second sheet. "My Trademark. Isn't she Crazy' is the heading here," he said thoughtfully. "'Isn't she Crazy' is in quotes," he explained. "Under it is, 'Useful Gags for Craziness. I. Clothes, A. Shoes, 1. Unmatched.'"

He put the second sheet face down on the first and covered both with the sandwich plate. He finished his cheese sandwich then said, "My God, what a dark world."

"You do understand it, then?" Mrs. Delahanty asked.

"Certainly I understand it. I lived there for a year."

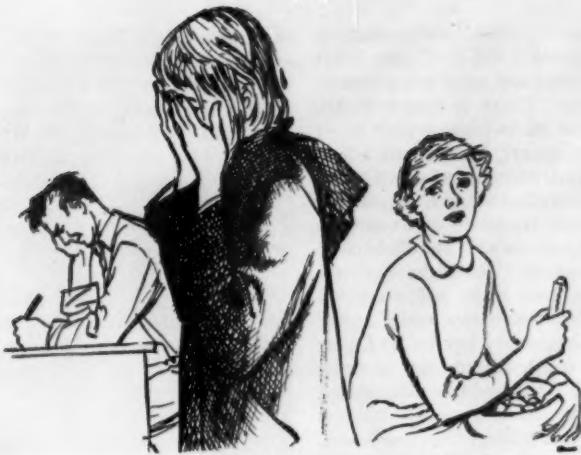
"What year?"

"The year I was thirteen."

MRS. Delahanty had not known her husband until he was fifteen and these hints of an earlier life always enthralled her. She saw him at thirteen, a big solemn boy with soft dark hair, inquiring eyes, and a sensitive mouth.

"You don't know who you are then, or what you can do. You've got to make a hundred false starts. You've got to make your mark, without knowing what your mark is. Are you a coward or a hero? How do you know without involving yourself in dangerous situations? So you walk ridge poles and visit cemeteries. How do you know you're alive even at that age if you aren't noticed?"

"Dear John," Mrs. Delahanty said. Mr. Delahanty took no notice of this endearment and Mrs. Delahanty hadn't expected him to. He was wound up now, he was back where he had been at thirteen. John Delahanty was the center of Mrs. Delahanty's world. To her mind the light in the eucalyptus trees celebrated him, the foothills beyond the orange groves circled around him. John gave her two lives. Without him she would have had only her own life of action, unexamined, not understood. Somebody—John frequently quoted him—had spoken of "the tragedy of an unexamined life"; that, without John, would have been her life and, she supposed, her tragedy. But John, with his eloquent words, yes, they were eloquent, she thought, listening now,



revealed to her this richer world of motives fully understood and rightly apprehended. By relating the joys and sorrows of his own life to the world's joys and sorrows, past and present, he opened to her depths of meaning which, she felt, her own instinctive living would never have discovered.

"It's the dark time of life," Mr. Delahanty said again. "It turns my stomach now, but at thirteen I too had a trademark."

"A trademark?"

Mr. Delahanty grimaced. "Spitting. At thirteen I was a professional spitter. I used to give exhibitions. Distance and accuracy. Power and control. I had everything. And I hated it. And I still hate anybody now from grammar school days who calls me 'Spit' Delahanty."

"I don't ever remember seeing you spit."

"At fifteen I was far past that, an ex-spitter. By that time I had taken up—" He stopped in mid-sentence. "Cress," he said.

CRESS, in her pink sprigged seersucker pajamas, the cheek that had been against the pillow pinker than the other, stood in the opening between living room and dining room. "Did we wake you up with our talk?"

Cress sat down in the chair her father pushed out for her. "No," she said, "you didn't wake me up because I hadn't gone to sleep yet."

Mrs. Delahanty had the feeling that Cress had left her lists out on purpose, had given them time to read them and would now like to have their opinion of craziness as a trademark. But she was loath to speak of them unless Cress did; and Cress was silent and John went on as if he had never heard of trademarks—or craziness; or spitting, for that matter, either.

"How's school?" Mr. Delahanty

asked his daughter. "Classes, teachers, kids? Edwin? Honor Gallagher? Everything turning out as well as you thought it would?"

"Everything's all right," Cress said, opening a cheese sandwich, then closing it like a book she didn't care to read. "Did I tell you I'm probably going to be freshman editor of the yearbook?"

"No," said Mr. Delahanty, "you didn't. That's fine. Congratulations."

"I'm not editor yet," Cress reminded him.

"But spoken of for the job. Spoken of favorably for the job."

Cress admitted it. "And it's a tradition that the person who is freshman editor is editor-in-chief his senior year."

"Congratulations," Delahanty said again; then, shaking the chocolate pot, "Have some cocoa? It's soporific. Just what you need to put you to sleep."

"I read the other day it wasn't," Cress said. "I read it had every bit as much caffeine in it as coffee."

"Where? Where'd you read that?"

"In the newspaper."

"The newspaper!" scoffed Mr. Delahanty. "You can read anything in the newspapers. Let's consult the authority." He sprang from his chair with the enthusiasm which the search for a fact always gave him and came back to the table bearing Volume IV of the *Britannica*, Bisharin to Calgary. Cress got up and leaned across his shoulder as he flipped the pages. Mrs. Delahanty, while the two of them pursued the word, took the thing itself—caffeine or no caffeine—to the kitchen to reheat it for Cress.

THE campaign, "Craziness as a Trademark," seemed to be going well in spite of Mrs. Delahanty's doubts. Cress, as November wore on, had never seemed more happy. Certainly she had never been more active or engrossed—and her

activities engaged Mrs. Delahanty's energies as well as her own.

"Life now," Mrs. Delahanty reported to her husband one gray day at lunch, "is very full for me. It is like being property manager for a vaudeville star. It takes a good deal of equipment and thought to achieve the effect of craziness when actually you're as sober as a judge."

"Cress isn't and never was sober as a judge," Mr. Delahanty said. "That Bernardine had something when she said Cress was amusing. Clowning comes naturally to her."

"Not this clowning," Mrs. Delahanty said. "She memorizes lines. She gathers up equipment. She teaches kids their cues. It's exactly as spontaneous as a vaudeville act and I think we ought to put a stop to it."

"How?" Mr. Delahanty asked.

"Just tell her it's silly and to stop it."

"And for the rest of her life she'd blame us for keeping her from finding out who she really was."

"Well, there's no use her finding out the hard way when we could tell her that she suits us just as she is."

"Cress is trying out her wings for a little flight from the us-nest."

"She is trying the wrong wings then, John. Do you know what she did this morning?" Mrs. Delahanty didn't wait for any reply from her husband. "She wore her bedroom slippers to the bus and carried her oxfords. She had to have new bedroom slippers for this, by the way, the old ones wouldn't do for a public appearance. Do you know what the gag is there?"

This time she waited for Mr. Delahanty's answer. "No," he said, "I don't."

"The gag is that she has figured that it takes three minutes' time to put on her oxfords. Time on the bus is waste time. So, if she puts them on there, that three minutes is saved. Three minutes a day is fifteen minutes a week, an hour a month, nine hours in a school year. The whole bus load will have it reported at school ten minutes after they've arrived. Hear the latest about Cress Delahanty? That crazy kid. She's figured out how to save nine hours a year—by putting on her shoes in the bus. What a girl! What a card!"

Mrs. Delahanty's imitation of the high school crowd did not awaken her husband from his musing. "Nine hours," he murmured thoughtfully. "A whole work day. I suppose she can sleep that much longer?"

"John Delahanty," Mrs. Delahanty said, "you surely—" But in the midst of that she changed her tack. "Did you hear her phoning last night?"

"With one ear. I was busy."

Yes, he had been. Working on a three-sheet list: "Articles Needed for Complete Electrification of the Delahanty Ranch. Prices at Monkey Ward, Sears Roebuck, Martin and Dugdale."

"It would've paid you to listen this time."

Mr. Delahanty looked up from his Spanish rice. "Why?" he asked.

"She makes this call every night. Her algebra teacher made the sad mistake of saying in class that he couldn't possibly rest at night for wondering whether the class had done its homework. So Cress calls him."

"What does she say?"

"She says," Mrs. Delahanty said crisply, "This is Crescent Delahanty reporting. Mr. Holcomb. I have finished my homework. I hope you will sleep well now." About this exploit Mrs. Delahanty, feeling that such a lily needed no gilding, made no comment.

Mr. Delahanty appeared to choke a little on his Spanish rice. "More red pepper than usual in this today," he said.

Mrs. Delahanty said, "I have been making that dish for seventeen years and I put exactly the same amount of red pepper in it now as I did then."

"Maybe my mouth is getting more sensitive with the years."

"Maybe so," Mrs. Delahanty agreed. "But I doubt it."

"I suppose that really was carrying things a little far?"

Mrs. Delahanty waited for a more adequate summing up of the situation.

"I should think Mr. Holcomb would be over any night now to strangle her," Mr. Delahanty said.

This seemed quite a lot more likely to Mrs. Delahanty and she relaxed somewhat, pleased to find that the family still contained two sane members. Mr. Delahanty's sudden whoop of laughter, however, dispelled this happy supposition.

WITH that laugh still in her mind's ear, Mrs. Delahanty handed her husband the *Tenant Hi-Lights* at lunch a few days later. "Cress gave this to me this morning before she left for school," she said. "I think maybe she thought we would like some time alone to digest it." The paper was folded to the column called, "The Hi-Light's On _____" by I. Marcum. This week's Hi-Light was on "Cress Delahanty, That Crazy Freshman," and there was a drawing of her in the center of the column in her fur-topped bedroom slippers holding an oxford in each hand. "Read it out loud," Mrs. Delahanty said. "I want to be sure I wasn't seeing things when I read it."

After some preliminary smoothing and folding, which the *Hi-Lights* didn't need, Mr. Delahanty read in an expressionless voice, "Crazy or Cagy? Freshman girl sole discoverer of way never to be on her uppers, and you are a heel if you suggest that this is not the last word on this soulful subject. Personally, the ice blonde freshman can vamp us any time she wants to." Mr. Delahanty stopped reading. "Gertrude, do you really want me to go on with this?"

"Yes," Mrs. Delahanty said, "I do."

Mr. Delahanty took up the *Hi-Lights* again, but before continuing he said, "Ice blonde! Why, Cress is nothing but a mere child."

"A color is a color, I suppose," Mrs. Delahanty answered mildly, "regardless of age."

"Ice blonde is something more than a color," Mr. Delahanty argued, but when Mrs. Delahanty asked him to explain he could do no more than mention two or three movie stars.

"Go on reading," Mrs. Delahanty urged. "There's a good deal more."

Mr. Delahanty gave the *Hi-Lights* a couple more of the flattening whacks it did not require and continued. "Personally the ice blonde freshman can vamp us any time she wants to. We get a boot out of Delahanty. We pumped Cress and this is her version of what she calls 'Delahanty's Law,' or, to add our own interpretation, 'What You Do on the Bus Doesn't Count.'"

Mr. Delahanty paused once more and Mrs. Delahanty waited expectantly but about Delahanty's Law and its interpretation he had nothing to say.

"It goes on, Gertrude, as you doubtless remember, this way," he said. "No nit-wit she, Cress, and we quote, thus explained her discovery while we listened, tongue hanging out, so to speak, and all unlaced with interest. 'I, in my tireless search for efficiency, discovered that I spent fifteen minutes a week putting on and tying my shoes. Now if I did this on the bus, time ordinarily lost, as all bus riders know, in useless chatter, I would gain one hour a month, or one full working day a year.'

"Asked what she intended doing with this 'saved' time, Cress answered demurely, 'Study.' Asked what, she replied, 'Algebra. Mr. Holcomb, you know, can't rest nights if the homework for his class isn't done.' (See next week's *Hi-Lights* for the Holcomb-Delahanty story. Adv't.) Asked what her ultimate goal was, Cress said, 'Oxford.'

"Excuse us please now while we pull on our own Congressional Gaiters (not on a bus, thus, losing, according to Delahanty's Law, three minutes). We're going to hot-foot it over to Cress's. Got a little equation we want help with.

Delahanty + I. Marcum = ? See next week's column for answer (Adv't.)."

Mr. Delahanty folded the *Tenant Hi-Lights* into a compact oblong and threw it toward the fireplace which he missed. "What have we got for dessert?" he asked.

"It's right there before you," Mrs. Delahanty said, indicating the raisin pie by his plate. Mr. Delahanty grunted and began slowly to eat.

Mrs. Delahanty didn't feel like raisin pie herself. "John," she asked, "what's your opinion of that?"

"My opinion is that I. Marcum will go far. We'll turn on the radio any day now and hear I. Marcum's report on the love life of Lana Turner."

"What do you really think, John?"

"I think it's a pity and a crying shame."

"You'll speak to Cress then?"

"It wouldn't do any good. What can we say to her? Stop saying and doing funny things?"

"Yes, we can."

"Sure, we can. But in the first place we can't stop her and in the second place if we could stop her, Cress would hate us for the rest of her life. I tell you, she's finding out who she is. At that age the only way to know whether craziness is your trademark is to be crazy. It's something you've got to do."

"I didn't have to."

"No, Gertrude, you didn't."

This quick admission hurt Mrs. Delahanty. She felt slighted, left out. She was no list-maker like John and Cress, but surely she had her share of craziness? They were not the two dark chaotic ones, were they, while she was no more than the dependable housewife of known and small dimensions?

"Once on a dare I wore a dress to school hindsidest foremost."

"Gertrude," Mr. Delahanty said, "you never had to bother trying on attitudes. You were born wearing one that fit beautifully."

Startled at this sudden turning of the conversation, Mrs. Delahanty watched her husband eat raisin pie. He paused to ask, "Don't you want to know its name?"

Mrs. Delahanty nodded, mutely.

"Radiant loving kindness."

THIS unexpected and extravagant compliment made Mrs. Delahanty feel shy. It was too extraordinary for her to deal with instantaneously and she put it aside for later consideration. "Whatever you think about Cress, John, I'm going to speak to her. I think it's my duty and I'm going to warn her at the first opportune minute."

The first opportune minute came that



About the Author

Jessamyn West is one of this country's most masterful short-story writers. She was born in a small Quaker town in Indiana, and many of her stories, including those in a collection entitled *The Friendly Persuasion*, have been set in the place of her birth. "Writing," Miss West tells us, "is a continual process of self-discovery. It makes you know yourself, expose yourself." As a beginner this was the hardest thing for her to do. Miss West (Mrs. H. M. McPherson in private life) has been a judge of the Short Story Division of the Scholastic Writing Awards a number of times.

very afternoon and Cress, after being warned, went in tears to her room. She came out, ate her supper wordlessly, then went again to her room. When Mrs. Delahanty heard the lid of the bamboo desk creak down she said to her husband, "There is Cress writing out a list of reasons for hating me."

"What now?" Mr. Delahanty asked and Mrs. Delahanty with no heart for dishwashing said, "Come on in by the fire and I'll tell you."

MMr. Delahanty settled himself in the morris chair which had been his father's and Mrs. Delahanty stood in front of the fireplace, close to the fire until her calves began to scorch, then on the edge of the hearth until they cooled.

"This afternoon," she said, "Cress came skipping and hopping home from the bus clapping those two horrible bedroom slippers together over her head like castanets."

"Cymbals," said Mr. Delahanty.

"Together, anyway, and happy as a lark. It seems they had an assembly today—"

"Assemblies, assemblies," said Mr. Delahanty. "Bird imitations, football rallies, talent shows. When do the kids go to school?"

"Assemblies," said Mrs. Delahanty, who went to P.T.A., "provide the students opportunity for participation in life situations."

"Is that thought to be a good thing? A life situation, if you ask me, is just about to engulf Cress. If you ask me, a little participation in something un-life-like on the order of ancient history or the ablative case is what Cress has a crying need for. A little more life participation and she'll bust apart at the seams. I can hear them—"

"John," Mrs. Delahanty said, "I just want to tell you what Cress told me. And what I told her. I don't give a whit one way or another about assemblies. The point is, they had one. And when Mr. DuMont came out on the stage—"

"Who is this Mr. DuMont? A bird imitator?"

"Mr. DuMont is the vice-principal in charge of student activities. He has premature gray hair, a beautiful tan, and sings *On the Road to Mandalay* so, Cress says, you can feel the waves rising and falling beneath you. He . . ."

"That's enough about DuMont," Mr. Delahanty said, "unless you've got some Mothersills handy."

"I've seen him," Mrs. Delahanty said, "and he really is nice. He has . . ."

"He came out on the stage . . .," Mr. Delahanty reminded her.

"He came out onto the stage to give them what Cress called a little pep talk about less lavatory art in the future, please."

"What?" said Mr. Delahanty in a strong voice.

"John, please try just to listen. I don't know why the school does what it does or why Cress calls things by the names she uses. All I want to do is tell you what happened."

"O.K." Mr. Delahanty said, "I'm listening. Tell me."

He had the look of a man who has not yet had his say out but Mrs. Delahanty went on in spite of it. "On his way out Mr. DuMont stumbled over a pair of tennis shoes somebody had left on the stage. He stooped, picked them up by the strings, swung them back and forth, and then said in what Cress reports as being a perfectly dead-pan, side-splitting way: 'I see Delahanty has been here.' Like Kilroy has been here, you know."

"I know," Mr. Delahanty said.

"Then when everyone had stopped laughing at that, he said: 'They look like my size, but as a student of Delahanty's Law I intend to wait until I'm on a bus to try them on.'"

"Mr. DuMont's trademark appears to be craziness, too," Mr. Delahanty remarked.

"The kids seem to love him."

"Why not?" asked Mr. Delahanty. "The kids are one with Mr. DuMont."

"I thought you approved of craziness. I thought that was what we've been arguing about."

"Gertrude, I haven't been arguing and what I approve of is not craziness but freedom to find out who and what you are."

"Well, Cress thinks she's found out. She thinks she's a wit. Or a wag. Or the school jester. She says that about Delahanty's Law really panicked them and that not an eye in the auditorium but was on her. Even though she was sitting in an obscure spot under the balcony in the midst of one hundred and seventy-two other freshmen and practically invisible."

"She didn't say anything about standing up, or whistling and waving her handkerchief to help them see her, did she?"

"Now, John. Anyway when she finished, and I hated to do it because she was as happy as—"

"A prima donna?" suggested Mr. Delahanty.

"Oh no! A baby who's picked its first flower. Well, when she finished, I told her everything I've been thinking. I told her to stop it at once. That it was cheap and silly to play to the grandstand that way, that she was going to regret getting a reputation as a hare-brained clown when she was really a good, sweet, solid, sensible girl." Mrs. Delahanty was unable to keep her voice from trembling.

"What did Cress say?"

"She said, 'Good, solid, sensible, sweet,' as if I had—as if I had reviled her. Then she began to cry."

MMr. Delahanty nodded and nodded as if this were all an old story to him.

"Then she stopped crying long enough to say that I didn't understand a thing. Not her. Not school. Not young people in general. Not Mr. DuMont. Not I. Marcum. And she said her constant prayer was that when she grew up and had children that she would not forget what it was like to be young. The way I have. And she said that for three months at school she *had* been sweet, solid, and sensible. And where had it gotten her? At the end of three months of that, she had been a complete non-entity and not a soul at school could've told you who Crescent Delahanty was. And now at the end of three weeks of planned living, with craziness for her trademark, she is a great success and she doubts there is even a custodian at school who has not heard of Crescent Delahanty and Delahanty's Law. 'In fact,' I said, 'you are now a character.'

She said yes, she was, and proud of it. Then she went to her room. But before she left she said, 'Anyway, my father understands me.' And now she is in there making a list headed, 'What's Wrong with Mother?' But I don't care. I had to tell her."

Mr. Delahanty caught at the edge of Mrs. Delahanty's skirt as she switched away from the fire and toward him, and pulled her down onto his lap. "Don't try to comfort me," she said, struggling to get up. You think one way and I think another. That's all there is to it."

"I think just what you think, Gertrude—except that I think Cress will have to find it out for herself. She'll wake up pretty soon, and it'll be a painful awakening but it's bound to come."

Mrs. Delahanty, in spite of herself, was settling back and relaxing. "You believe that?"

"Of course. You don't think our daughter's a fool, do you?"

"No," Mrs. Delahanty said, letting her head, finally, rest at ease against her husband's shoulder. "No, how could I? Cress recapitulates you."

THE "awakening," as Mr. Delahanty had named it, came the first week in December. The rains which had held off through the whole of November arrived the minute the November leaf on the calendar was torn off, and made up by their abundance for their lateness. On Friday afternoon Mr. Delahanty, happily housebound by the downpour, sat before a drowsy fire working on his electrification lists.

On the other side of the fire Mrs. Delahanty was shelling English walnuts preparatory to sugaring them for annual Christmas gifts to eastern relatives. She listened to the pleasant blend of sounds, fire sighing, pen scratching, nut shells cracking, and behind and giving body to the blend the fine heavy sound of the constant rain.

Cress came in from the bus, but she was neither the old Cress, solid and sensible, nor the new one, crazy and show-off. This Cress had been crying. She had on a hooded raincoat but she had walked up from the bus with the hood hanging down her shoulders and her hair, soaked to the scalp, was lank and mousey. She was no ice blonde now. I. Marcum would scarcely recognize her. Water dripped from her cheeks and beaded her eyelashes and stood in the corners of her mouth. She went without a word to the fireplace and stood there with her back to her parents while occasional drops of water hissed off her raincoat onto the andirons. Then she turned around to face them, and it was the first time Mrs. Delahanty had

ever heard adult resignation in her daughter's voice, adult acceptance of the fact that the source of one's joy is also often the source of one's sorrow. I may have forgotten what it's like to be a girl, she thought, but Cress is learning what it's like to be a parent.

"You have a perfect right to say I told you so now if you want to, Mother," Cress said. "You told me I was getting to be a character and I was, all right."

"What do you mean, Cress?" her father asked.

"I mean I'm a Character," Cress said bleakly. "I'm 'Irresponsible Delahanty,' I'm that 'Crazy Kid.' If I said I was dying, people would laugh." Water ran out of her hair and across her face and dripped off her chin, but she scorned to wipe it away.

"I made a good speech to the Student Council and they laughed at every word I said. They laughed and held their sides and rolled in the chairs like looms."

"What speech was this, Cress?"

"The speech everybody who is a candidate for an office has to make to them. Then if they like you, they nominate you. I was a candidate for freshman editor. What they nominated me for was *Josh* editor. *Josh* editor. A two-year-old can be *Josh* editor. All you

From the Press . . .

The following small news item caught our eye—and fancy—recently in the New York Times:

Londoners Are Hunting

'Most Perfect Line of Poetry'

LONDON (UP) — The *London Sunday Times* has Londoners haunting the libraries in a controversy over what is the "most perfect line of poetry" in the English language. Some entries submitted were:

"The uncertain glory of an April day." (Shakespeare)

"A springful of larks in a rolling cloud." (Dylan Thomas)

"Dawn skims the sea with flying feet of gold." (Swinburne)

"The moan of doves in immemorial elms." (Tennyson)

What would be your choice? Or better still, what would you choose as your favorite line of poetry? Why not write it down and send it to us? And if you can tell us why the line is your favorite, so much the better. Mail your entry to Letterbox, Literary Cavalcade, 33 West 42nd Street, New York 36, N. Y.—The Editors.

need to be *Josh* editor is a pair of scissors to cut with. I wouldn't be *Josh* editor if they shot me for not being."

"Take off your coat, Cress," Mrs. Delahanty said, and Cress, not ceasing to speak, began also to unbutton. "I would've been a good editor and I told them the reasons—like I was responsible, knew the meaning of time, would see that the assignments were in on time and so forth. They laughed like hyenas," she said, not bitterly, but reflectively. "They said, 'This is the richest thing yet. Delahanty is a real character.' So they nominated me for *Josh* editor and I'm branded for life."

She threw her raincoat, which she had finished unbuttoning, onto the floor, said, "I've ruined my life," and walked out of the room, no longer trying to hide the fact that she was crying.

Mr. and Mrs. Delahanty still held the positions they had had when Cress entered; Mr. Delahanty, pen above his list; Mrs. Delahanty, nutcracker in one hand, cracked unshelled nut in the other. Mr. Delahanty said, "I guess you were right. I guess it would've been better to have forbidden it."

"I did forbid it," Mrs. Delahanty said, "insofar as I could, and you can see what came of that." Mechanically she picked the kernel from the nut she still held, then got up and threw the pan of shells into the fire. Mr. Delahanty had gone back to his list-making and she felt almost the first wave of dislike she had ever known for her husband. That was really carrying objectiveness a little too far. Electrification at a time like this. She herself was going to Cress. She looked coldly down at Mr. Delahanty's list as she passed and saw what had been, and was, in the process of being written there. "Spit. Spit. Spit Delahanty. Big Spit Delahanty. Spit. Spit."

John saw her look and let her take his hand. "I told you it was a dark time," he said quietly.

"John—you still remember? It still matters?"

All he said was, "You go on in to Cress. She's your youngest baby."

She let go his hand and went toward Cress's room. She didn't know what she would or could say when she got there. Maybe, "Cress, people like you and your father have to try on more than one way of being and doing to see who you are. And you're bound to make mistakes." Maybe she would say, "My sweet sensible daughter." But she would surely hug her and kiss her.

Her arms, as she heard through the closed door those catching sobs, already felt that stocky body grow quiet. She opened the door and said, "Cress, honey."

Cavalcade Firsts 1955

By YOUNG WRITERS

Selections from

Scholastic Writing Awards Entries

The Bronco Busters

Hitch up your holsters and check your spurs—get set for a real brute of a bronco! Tom Keen has entered this brand new "short-short" in the 1955 Scholastic Writing Awards.

"**E**ASY NOW, easy," I crooned soothingly as I mounted the beast. "Ho, there, fellow. . . . All right, men, turn him loose!"

A whirlwind of fury lashed out beneath me as the angry steed twisted and jumped. Up and down, sidewise, bucking and plunging, the spirited devil sprang violently in the effort to unseat me. Grimly, desperately, I held on, my entire body contorted. Every bone and muscle cried out in pain against the terrible beating. Then, in a sudden,

By Tom Keen

Columbia High School
Tiffin, Ohio
Teacher, Mary Herron

powerful maneuver, the beast won out. My head snapped down on my chest and I was thrown hard to the ground. . . .

Slowly, painfully, I struggled to my feet. "Too much for me," I muttered.

John next made his bid for conquering our bobbing brute. Wiry and tough, John fought a tremendous battle, but he, too, hit the sand with a defeated thump.

I watched as Gib gingerly climbed into place. In a series of springlike motions our bronco showed his stuff. Gib grasped the frenzied brute with all his

strength—so hard his knuckles showed white—but to no avail. . . . Pulling himself out of the bushes where he had been thrown, he said, "Well, Al, it's up to you."

Al was our best bet. Outweighing all of us, he was solid, and strong as an ox. He mounted. Once again the beast unleashed his fury. Astride him, Al's figure bobbed violently up and down, to and fro. . . . Then, with a sickening crack, it was over. We had won. We had broken the monster's back, ending forever his bucking and plunging.

We turned to leave the scene. As we did, Gib voiced the feeling we all had deep in our hearts: "Aw shucks, we'll never find another tree limb with as much spring as that one had."

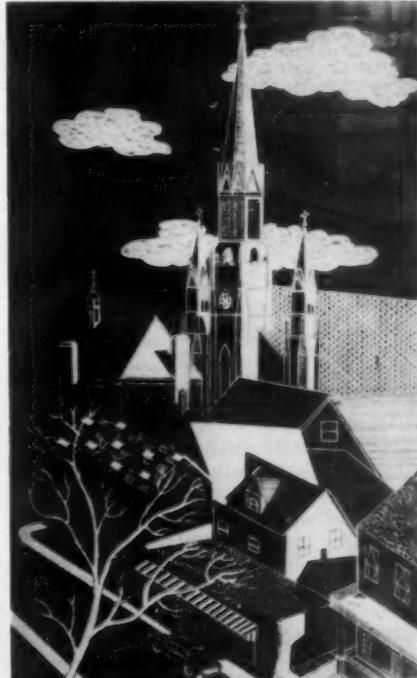
NEW YEAR

Happy New Year! We hope that each mood in Sallie Bingham's New Year wish will mean something personal to you, as you start this sparkly fresh New Year! Sallie's poetry won Honorable Mention in the 1954 Scholastic Writing Awards.

My love, may new days bring to you new things:
For your arms, new love; for your feet, new paths;
Your eyes, new sight; your hands, new tools.
May each full-kerneled day produce
The grain that you love best.
May those things often longed for succor you,
May those things often feared make laughter sweet.
Warm skies to thaw your doubts, cool rain to drink,
And bright tipped arrows leaping from your bow,
Should boredom, black pawed, stalk your still abode.
Loneliness, like the pearl in an oyster's maw,
And long nights when your dreams are prophecies.

By Sallie Bingham

Louisville (Ky.) Collegiate School
Teacher, Louise McGalliard Smith



Drawing in ink by Gary Craig, Central High School, Fort Wayne, Indiana, won place in show in the 1954 Art Awards.

MITCHELL

By Elaine Von Werder

South H. S., Denver, Colo.
Teacher, Harold Keables

The young boy sat on the swing, rocking . . . waiting . . . knowing. His mother was too busy to be really worried—anyway, it wasn't her fault. But Mitchell knew . . . and he waited.

Elaine Von Werder's quiet story, of a little boy with a secret too big for him to fully understand, won an award in the 1954 Scholastic Writing Awards.

THE COOL sunlit minutes of the late autumn afternoon pushed slowly along. The dark-haired boy sitting by himself on the porch swing didn't notice the time. For a while he toyed idly with the pocket knife in his hands and guided the swing back and forth by jabbing the toes of his tennis shoes against the wooden floor. He laid the knife carefully beside him so that it wouldn't slide off the seat; then he looked, frowning and lips pursed, at the inscription on the silver identification bracelet that he wore on his wrist. It said, "Mitchell," and on the other side was "For my second son. Dad." He had got it last spring, on his twelfth birthday. He remembered his dad grinning and saying, "I guess this'll have to do, Mitch—at least until you get a watch before you start high school. Do you like it, boy?"

The bracelet had made up for his brother's getting the watch, and Mitch had been proud of the strong, thick links and the inscription.

It didn't matter now. He figured he'd never get a watch, but he couldn't exactly blame his mother. "It's not Mom's fault," he thought. "She can't help what happened."

The boy picked up the knife again and let the motion of the swing grow jerky and irregular. He opened the blade, and with each jolt he felt its edge press sharply into his skin. He looked for a long time at the thin white scratch left across his palm. Mitch wondered how hard he would have to press before it would bleed. It wouldn't be too hard, he thought.

He heard the front door begin to open; he snapped the blade shut, curled his fingers around it, and gazed intently across the street. His mother looked at him through the screen.

"Have you seen your brother, dear?" she asked.

He pretended that he didn't hear. "Mitch, I want to know whether or not you've seen Tommy." She paused. "Well?"

"Un-uh. I haven't." He knew she didn't believe him, Tommy would need a little more time to get back home.

"He's going to be late for his lesson if he doesn't leave soon. Where is that boy?" She stepped onto the porch and walked to the railing; she glanced up and down the street, her fingers twisting nervously at the hem of her green-checked apron.

Mitch watched her hands for a minute. He started to say, "His violin's gone. Maybe he went to his lesson," but didn't. He kept still. He knew what his brother had gone to do. The watch and the violin would bring Tommy enough money to get away somewhere and join the service.

Mitch felt her eyes studying his face. He shoved his pocket knife into his jeans and bent over to retie one of his shoelaces. He wished that his mother hadn't made Tom take lessons all those years. He just wasn't the sort of boy who should do anything but play basketball and tennis and maybe read. And he wished that Tommy hadn't decided to sell the watch. He'd never get one if his brother got rid of his and ran away.

Mitch began to swing again. His mother said, "The minute you see Tom tell him I want to speak to him. And don't be late for dinner." She went into the house and shut the door.

Mitch took out his knife and started to work on the initials he was scratching in a piece of wood. He carved



Ink drawing by James Roth, Whittier (Calif.) H. S., won a national award in the 1954 Scholastic Art Awards.

slowly and finally quit altogether, letting the blade point stick upright in the period after the "M."

The sun shone thinly over his shoulder and down through the slats of the swing. It was much cooler now, but he didn't zip up his jacket. He sat very still. Not a breath of air stirred. He crossed his ankles, and the swing creaked. A squirrel ran across the street, stopped for an instant on the opposite curbing, and disappeared up a tree. Mitch tried to guess what time it was by the way his shadow fell on the porch.

He remembered what had happened last night after dinner. His mother had said, "You've hardly worked a week in your life. One hour of practice a day isn't too much to ask, is it? You're a talented boy, Tommy, and I can't see

"New Days . . . New Things"

Sallie Bingham's New Year poem rings in the note of this month's Cavalcade Firsts. New things . . .

Not that the Old Year limped off with all our treasures. The experiences, the discoveries, and the gains of '54 cannot be lost, for that which is fine, true, and worthwhile never grows old. We have still some of 1954's best student writing that we want to share with you. Elaine Von Werder's "Mitchell" is one example. As long as there are little boys, Elaine's story will be fresh and true.

And the "new things" are arriving! Tom Keen's delightful "Bronco Busters," William Slager's thoughtful "Desolation"—and many more. Is something of yours among them? Have you recorded the Old Year's thoughts and discoveries, or have you expressed the New Year's dreams and inspirations? If not, you'd better get busy! New things won't be accomplished by procrastination—and you've got just two months.

Happy New Year—and happy writing!—THE EDITORS

it going to waste. Don't you appreciate anything?"

Mitch remembered how Tom had just stood in the hall doorway with his jaw set, staring at his mother.

"Look, Mom," Tom had said, "I don't even have a car. I don't want to go to that music school next year. I can't take it any more, that's all."

Mitch had watched his father put down the paper and light his pipe and look at the mother and the older boy facing each other. There had been tears in his mother's eyes.

Mitch began to swing; he wasn't going to blame his parents, he decided. He guessed they would be angry tomorrow when they found that Tom had left during the night. Mitch thought how surprised he had been this noon when Tom told him his plans. His brother had always been so much older . . .

Abruptly the boy stood up and walked to the porch steps, grasping the knife and snapping it shut on his way. His eyes followed a taller, leaner, older version of himself coming up the sidewalk. The other boy had his hands shoved deeply into his pockets. He wasn't carrying anything. Mitch nodded to him.

"Hi, kid," his brother said, running up the steps. He glanced at the door. "I got rid of the violin. You didn't tell Mom anything? Good. Here." He stuffed a bill into Mitch's hand. "I just sold it. It was mine anyway. I—I thought I'd keep the watch. I've got enough money to clear out on. I'll leave right after dinner. Tell them I went to a movie or something."

Mitch grinned in relief. He shouldn't have had to worry about the watch. His face sobered. He pushed the money back into the older boy's pocket. "I don't need it. I guess you might."

They looked at each other for a few seconds; then Tom said, "Thanks. You're a pal." He turned and walked to the opposite end of the porch. He absent-mindedly pushed on the swing. "I'll see you at dinner."

Mitch watched Tom open the door quickly and go inside the house. The swing was still in a couple of minutes. Mitchell sat down in it and let his fingers trace the letters carved on the block of wood he had laid there. He zipped up his jacket. The sun had almost entirely left the porch. A car pulled up across the street, and a man with a lunchbox got out and went to his home. Two girls carrying bundles talked and laughed as they went past on the front walk. Mitch got up and opened the door. He tossed his jacket on a chair in the hall and then took his place at the dinner table.

DESOLATION

By William L. Slager

Dickinson (Tex.) H. S.
Teacher, W. Hofheinz

This is a poem about the end of the world—and, perhaps, about the beginning. Though desolation is both its name and its mood, look for overtones of other moods, other thoughts that lie behind the verses. "Desolation" is one of a number of poems that Walter Slager has entered in the 1955 Scholastic Writing Awards and happily sent in early.

When you and I and the human race
—are gone.

only the wind and rain will remain,
only the sea and the waves,
only the mountains and the boulders,
only a sky full of stars, cold and
sparkling.

The red glow of a dying sun
tips each of the cold waves
that beat relentlessly on the broken
granite
shoreline, driven on by a
restless, mournful wind.

A chilling rain falls like a gray mist on
the stark bleakness of the mountains
forming rivulets that run past
the hard, gray boulders toward a
lone desolate plain.

Only the wind and rain
the sea and the waves
the mountains and the boulders
left to an exhausted world
by the cruel children of earth.

Not even the warmth of life left
as a memory;
No cool, damp mountainside of pine
swaying to the wind's song.
No warm, green field of tall grass,
rustling in the sunlight.
Only a cold, dim grayness and a dreary
forlornness.

Only a dead world left with what
it started with,
the wind and the rain
the sea and the waves
the mountains and the boulders
a dim sun and a lonely moon
only a sky full of stars, cold and
sparkling.

No one said a word. The younger boy guessed that Tom and his mother had already had a discussion about the music lesson. His father was eating as though nothing had happened. The two boys ate quickly and left the table. Mitch went back to the porch. Tom went to his room and a few minutes later stepped outside. All he had with him was his coat.

"I'll be seeing you, Tom," the younger boy said.

"Sure, Mitch. So long, kid." Tom pulled his coat on. He put one hand on Mitch's shoulder and gave it a firm squeeze and a slap. Then he was gone.

Mitchell pulled his pocket knife out and began to toy with it. He couldn't see clearly up the street; his eyes felt as though they were starting to water. It was dark out. He thought that the music couldn't have been the only thing that made Tom want to leave. He wasn't sure. He wondered what his dad and mom would think when they found out that Tom had had to go away.

It was cold out. Mitchell quit fingering the knife and stood still. It was awfully cold.

ART-MINDED STUDENTS

are looking forward to the opportunities offered by SCHOLASTIC ART AWARDS for 1955. Will you be among them?

Interested in painting? Drawing? Design? Sculpture and Ceramics? Crafts? Or Photography? Whatever your art interest, you will find it among the 26 varied classifications open to you.

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Regional deadlines are early. The rules book will tell you just where and when to submit your entries. If your art teacher has not received a copy, drop a request card to SCHOLASTIC ART AWARDS, 33 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.

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- to see your own writing in print
- to win honors, cash awards, scholarships

Scholastic Magazines takes pleasure in announcing the 1955 Scholastic Writing Awards. The 1955 Awards mark the 30th anniversary of this unique program established by Scholastic Magazines to recognize and encourage talented high school writers.

WHO MAY ENTER?

All students in grades 10, 11, or 12, who are enrolled in any public, private, or parochial school in the U. S. or its possessions are eligible for the Senior Division of the 1955 Scholastic Writing Awards. Students in grades 6, 7, 8, and 9 are eligible for the Junior Division. Students who will be graduated in January or February, 1955, may participate if the work is completed prior to graduation.

NATIONAL AWARDS

Courtesy of W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company

Senior Division

In Classifications 1, 2, 3, and 4: Ten First Awards of \$25 each, plus a Certificate of Merit; 10 Honorable Mentions, plus a Sheaffer Snorkel Pen; 25 Commendations. In Classification 5: Five First Awards of \$25 each, plus a Certificate of Merit; 10 Honorable Mentions, plus a Sheaffer Snorkel Pen; 15 Commendations. In Classification 6: One to Five First Awards of \$25 each, plus a Certificate of Merit; five Honorable Mentions, plus a Sheaffer Snorkel Pen; 10 Commendations.

Junior Division

In all Classifications: Ten First Awards of \$25 each, plus a Certificate of Merit; 10 Honorable Mentions, plus a Sheaffer Snorkel Pen; 25 Commendations.

SPECIAL AWARDS

Ernestine Taggard Award

An award of \$50, plus a Certificate of Merit, to be given for the best portfolio entry in the Senior Division of the Writing Awards. Portfolio entries must include examples of the student's writing in at least three separate classifications. Manuscripts should be bound together and marked: "Submitted for the Ernestine Taggard Award." (Individual portfolio manuscripts will still be eligible for awards in the separate classifications, even if the portfolio does not receive the Ernestine Taggard Award.)



National Conference of Christians and Jews Award

A special award of \$50 is offered to a student whose entry (in either the Senior or Junior Division) best shows an appreciation of the need for unity and understanding among all religious and racial groups. The award will be made by the National Conference of Christians and Jews. This theme may be treated directly or indirectly in all classifications.

Scholarships

The University of Pittsburgh offers a four-year tuition scholarship for a high school senior interested in creative writing. The University of Idaho offers a one-year tuition scholarship for a senior from the Northwest. Apply early for application blanks for either university. Write to: University of (Pittsburgh, or Idaho) Scholarship Award, care of Scholastic Writing Awards, 33 West 42nd Street, New York 36, N. Y.

JUDGING

Juries of outstanding authors, journalists, and educators will select the winners. High school principals will be notified shortly before the announcements appear in the May issues of *Literary Cavalcade* (Senior Division) and *Junior Scholastic* (Junior Division). The juries' decisions will be based on originality, quality of expression, and competence in handling particular forms of writing.

PUBLICATION

All entries will be considered for publication in "Cavalcade Firsts," the student-writing department of *Literary Cavalcade*. The May issue of *Literary Cavalcade* is a special annual number devoted entirely to selections from the Scholastic Writing Awards and illustrated by work from the Scholastic Art Awards. Selections from winning Junior Division entries will appear in the May 18 issue of *Junior Scholastic*.

CLASSIFICATIONS, SENIOR DIVISION

1. SHORT-SHORT STORY. A very short story that concentrates on one central idea or situation, often with an unexpected or dramatic ending. Length: 1,000 words maximum.
2. SHORT STORY. Any narrative involving a complete experience of one or more characters. Length: 4,000 words maximum.
3. INFORMAL ESSAY. Any subject treated from a more or less personal standpoint. Your essay may cover an incident which has had an effect on your life. Or it may express your ideas—humorous or serious—about anything from a to z. Length: 2,000 words maximum.
4. POETRY. All forms of verse, rhymed or free. Total of 50 lines (either single poem or group of poems) minimum for single entry.
5. EXPOSITORY ARTICLE. Any topic of general interest (news events, current problems, historical subjects, literature, education, etc.) treated from an objective point of view. The aim should be an analysis and critical evaluation of the subject rather than the mere repetition of factual information. Length: 2,500 words maximum.
6. DRAMATIC SCRIPT. An original radio or TV script or one-act play. (Adaptations of short stories, novels, etc., are not considered original.) Length: 3,500 words maximum.

CLASSIFICATIONS, JUNIOR DIVISION

1. ESSAY. You may write on any subject—a personal experience, an event, a world or national problem. Your essay may be in the form of a letter. Content may be serious or humorous. Suggested length: between 300 and 1,000 words.
2. POETRY. May be rhymed or unrhymed. You may submit single poems or groups of poems, but they must total not less than 12 or more than 75 lines.

3. SHORT STORY. You may write about real or imaginary people and places. Write about the kinds of people and places you know in real life. Suggested length: between 1,000 and 3,000 words.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

1. Any eligible student may enter any number of manuscripts.
2. Every manuscript must be accompanied by the entry blank that appears on this page (or a copy). The statement as to the manuscript's originality which appears on the blank must be signed by both student and teacher.
3. Do not enter any manuscript in the Awards if it is entered in any other national competition.
4. Students may enter independently or through their teachers. Teachers are urged to make preliminary eliminations before submitting a group of manuscripts.
5. Entries must be the work of individual students; joint authorship is not eligible.
6. Manuscripts should be typed or written legibly in ink, on one side only of paper, size 8½ x 11 inches. Mail all manuscripts FLAT (not folded or rolled) at the first class postage rate.
7. Manuscripts may be sent at any time during the school year. The closing date for the 1955 Awards is March 1, 1955. Manuscripts received after that date will be held for entry in the 1956 awards, if the student can still meet the requirements for eligibility in 1956. Mail entries: Scholastic Writing Awards, c/o Literary Cavalcade, 33 West 42nd Street, New York 36, N. Y.
8. All manuscripts receiving national awards become the property of Scholastic Corporation, and no other use of them may be made without written permission.
9. No manuscripts will be returned or criticized. Be sure to keep a carbon.
10. All students living in the following areas must submit entries before the regional closing date to these newspapers sponsoring Scholastic Writing Awards programs: Connecticut—Hartford Courant; southeastern Michigan—Detroit News; Capital district—Washington (D. C.) Evening Star. Regional winners will be included in the final judging.

• Note the statement on the entry form declaring that the work is ORIGINAL—signed by the student and by the teacher. Anyone who enters plagiarized (copied) material is liable to prosecution under the law. Entries will be carefully rechecked for originality before awards are made.

SCHOLASTIC WRITING AWARDS ENTRY BLANK

DIVISION (Check JUNIOR or SENIOR) **JUNIOR DIVISION** **SENIOR DIVISION**

Student _____

(Must be printed or typed)

Student's age on March 1, 1955 _____ Grade _____

Home Address _____

CLASSIFICATION OF ENTRY (Poetry, Short Story, etc.)

City _____ State _____

School _____

School Address _____

City _____ State _____

Teacher _____ Principal _____

(Indicate Miss, Mrs., Mr.)

(Please print or type)

Student's Signature _____

Approved, Teacher's Signature _____

Mail to: SCHOLASTIC WRITING AWARDS, c/o Literary Cavalcade, 33 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.

I hereby certify that this is my own original work. (Anyone submitting plagiarized material is liable to prosecution under the law.)

Cheeklebait

EVERYONE has heard of Fred Allen—even those of you who can't remember ever tuning in to his wry, satiric, good-humored radio show. We can all welcome with chuckles his new, wry, satiric, good-humored book, *Treadmill to Oblivion* (Little, Brown). The Treadmill is Allen's seventeen years hashing out show ideas, clipping news and feature items, arguing with sponsors and agents, writing, re-writing, cutting, padding, and, in general, going berserk—all in order to be funny for half an hour or an hour once a week. The Oblivion—well, we can hardly agree that oblivion can engulf a man who worked, laughed, and sneered his way to fame as one of our top comedians—no matter how many bags he piled up under his eyes in the process.

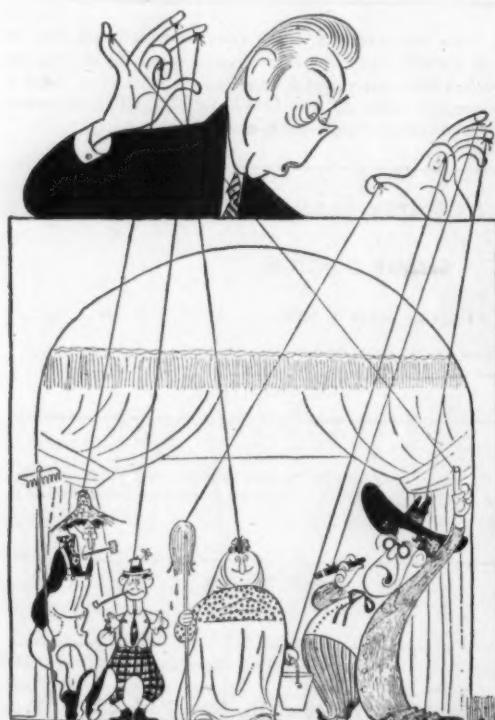
Here are some typical examples of Allen's art:

The Businessman

ALLEN: A molehill man is a pseudo-busy executive who comes to work at 9 a.m. and finds a molehill on his desk. He has until 5 p.m. to make this molehill into a mountain. An accomplished molehill man will often have his mountain finished even before lunch.

Personal Side of the News

ALLEN: After 60 years of continuous service, the Sixth Avenue Elevated Lines ceased operations at midnight, Sun-



From *Treadmill to Oblivion*

day.... A Sixth Avenue housewife who doesn't know what she'll do is Mrs. Elaine O'Gatty. Have you been living on Sixth Avenue long, Mrs. O'Gatty?

Mrs. O'G: Thoity years.

ALLEN: Has stopping the trains bothered you any?

MRS. O'G: Yeah. The lack o' noise is somethin' brutal. Every midnight a train's been goin' by for 30 years.... Monday midnight nothin' went by. My old man jumps up in bed and says, "What's that?"

An Allen Character: Senator Claghorn

CLAGHORN (*broad Southern accent*): Claghorn's the name, Senator Claghorn, that is. Av've got to high-tail it. Ah'm the guest of honor at Carnegie Hall. The Mobile Philharmonic is givin' a concert. That's the finest musical aggregation in the South.... Instead of a baton, the leader conducts with a hoe-handle.

ALLEN: It must be some outfit.

CLAGHORN: It's the only band in the world with a hound-dog choir. Son, when the Mobile Philharmonic does the Barcarolle, you kin hear the barkin' 20 miles away.

ALLEN: How is the woodwind section?

CLAGHORN: Ah never seen so much wood and heard so much wind.

ALLEN: And the string section?

CLAGHORN: They got rope, hemp, and twine. String aplenty.

The Running Feud with Jack Benny

Allen writes: Jack and I didn't plan anything. I didn't want to explain that I thought it would be good for us. The Jack Benny program was the highest-rated show in radio at that time. I would be hitching my gaggin' to a star. All I could do was to hope that Jack would have some fun with the idea and that it could be developed....

PORTLAND (Allen's comedienne-wife): Maybe Jack's mad at you because you said he was anemic.

ALLEN: He is anemic. When a mosquito lands on Benny all he gets is practice.

A PICKET: This program is unfair to Jack Benny. This program....

PORTLAND: Did someone send you over to picket Mr. Allen?

PICKET: Yeah. I got my orders from a certain party.

ALLEN: Was it an emaciated movie star whose hobby is losing his violin at crucial moments?

PICKET: I can't mention no names, but yer warm.

ALLEN: How much is he paying you to picket me?

PICKET: Fifty cents an hour.

PORTLAND: Gosh. Only fifty cents an hour!

PICKET: Yeah. He said the job was picketing a microphone. I could take short steps....

GET ON THE LIST! Make sure your teacher has ordered your copies of *Literary Cavalcade* for the next semester.

Book Excerpt**Banner in the Sky (p. 10)**

This fictional story of mountaineering reflects the actual experiences of the men who first conquered the Alps. For James Ramsey Ullman is a mountain-climber himself, as well as a writer, and he has an intimate knowledge of mountaineering fact and lore.

Activities

1. **Research.** a. Have students look up the town of Zermatt, Switzerland—the actual village after which the Kurtal of this story is modelled.

b. Students interested in mountain-climbing may enjoy looking up and reporting on famous climbs in the Alps. Ask them to report on the actual story of the climbing of the Matterhorn (the Citadel in this story), and of such other peaks as Mont Blanc, Monta Rosa, the Dom, and the Weisshorn.

c. Have other students report on famous climbing expeditions of recent years—the attempts on Mt. Everest and the final climbing of that mountain, the assaults on K2 and Annapurna.

d. Suggest that students investigate the biographies of such contemporary climbers as Col. John Hunt, Sir Edmund Hillary, Tenzing Norkay, Maurice Herzog, and Eric Shipton, and report on what they find to the class.

2. **Supplementary Reading.** *The Butcher*, by John Sack (*Literary Cavalcade* March, 1953), the story of six American college boys who tackled a lesser, but little-less-harrowing, peak during a summer vacation. Fairly easy reading. *An Innocent on Everest* (1954) by Ralph Izzard, adventures of a novice climber who followed the 1953 Everest expedition just to get a story for his paper. Maurice Herzog's *Annapurna* (1952), the story of the French conquest of that mountain, somewhat more difficult reading.

Letterbox (p. 5)

What do your students think about *Literary Cavalcade*? Have they particularly enjoyed certain selections—found things to criticize in others? Do they have suggestions to make for future issues? Encourage them to write to the "Letterbox" section of *Literary Cavalcade*, and say what they please. They will gain from the experience of setting down their ideas in writing, and may have the pleasure of seeing their letters published in the "Letterbox" column.

Student Writing

This month the "Cavalcade Firsts" department (p. 35) presents two student-written poems, one short-short story, and one short story. As always, we hope that these examples of successful high school writing will serve

to encourage other students to "go and do likewise."

There is still time for your students to prepare manuscripts for the March 1st deadline of the Scholastic Writing Awards (see announcement, p. 38). Those who are interested in doing so may find valuable suggestions in the "Composition Capers" section of "Cavalquiz" (p. 22).

Book Review (p. 5)

Something new in *Literary Cavalcade!* To encourage students to improve the quality of their outside reading, and to guide them in making their selections, we will frequently run a book review section such as you find in this month's issue. The books listed will be selected both for their literary merit and general interest and because of their relation to contents in the issue. For we believe that one satisfying reading experience is the surest kind of invitation to another.

A Suggestion for Creative Reading

Writing for the New York State English Council *English Record*, teacher Fred Marcus (State Teachers College, Oneonta, N. Y.), has described one method of encouraging thoughtful reading that he has found useful in his classes. Mr. Marcus calls this method the "index card-line response" system, and describes it as follows:

"The student is assigned a story. As he reads he makes pencilled check marks next to those phrases, sentences, or paragraphs where he is inclined to 'talk back' to the author, or to make any observation at all. His inclination may vary from a comic ejaculation to a recognition of literary influences, from a single word of agreement or disagreement to a detailed, philosophic statement pertinent to the author's treatment of character or situation.

"When he has completed his story,

pencil in hand, the student is asked to select passages which prompted his responses, copy out the passages individually onto index cards, and make his personal observations after each passage quoted."

When book-marking is impossible because the student does not own the book he is using, this system may be modified by having the student enter his comments directly on the note cards while he reads. Mr. Marcus reports that the cards serve as a basis for improved discussions, and in many cases, as a substitute for "check tests" on assigned reading material. He suggests that the teacher collect the cards and add his own comments, questions, or criticisms to them.

Building Vocabularies

The "Have Fun with Words" page of "Cavalquiz" (p. 21) is designed to encourage students to increase their vocabularies. More indirectly, the Crossword Puzzle (p. 20) serves the same purpose.

A new vocabulary-building game that your more adept crossword puzzle fans may enjoy trying out requires only two or more people, paper and pencil. The players draw 5 x 5 diagrams on a piece of paper (a square divided into 25 blocks). The object is to fill these squares with as many 3, 4 or 5-letter words (reading vertically and horizontally) as possible. The players in turn call out single letters that must be entered in the diagram. (Naturally, each player will call out a letter that will help him in the completion of a word, but he will often find it difficult to use the letters given him.) A complete five-letter word (horizontal or vertical) counts 10 points; a four-letter word counts 5 points; a three-letter word counts 2 points. Only one word may be counted in each horizontal or vertical line of letters. Plurals of nouns and proper nouns are not accepted. A perfect total score would be 100, but we haven't heard of anyone who's managed that! Fifty may be considered average. (Because of the difficulty of using some letters, there are likely to be blocks that read something like QWTYV—and for which there will be no word scores.)

Answers to "Cavalquiz" Questions (pp. 19-22)

Quick Quiz: "Banner in the S.y": 1-X; 4-X; 5-X. "Thank You, Dr. Russell": 1-Dr. Russell; 2-Alan; 3-Alan's father. "Cress Delahanty": 1-Mr. Delahanty; 2-Cress Delahanty; 3-I. Marcus; 4-Bernardine Devers; 5-Mrs. Delahanty.

Have Fun with Words: I. 1-h; 2-d; 3-f; 4-g; 5-i; 6-c; 7-a; 8-b; 9-j; 10-e. II. 1-soporific; 2-attributes; 3-dispelled; 4-spontaneous; 5-recapitulates; 6-nonentity; 7-apprehended; 8-opportune; 9-loath; 10-chaotic.



Writer Magazine

"It was easy for Hemingway—he had the Spanish Civil War."



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Find it difficult to get your students to do *unprescribed* reading on their own? The Teen Age Book Club is performing miracles in overcoming the reluctance of many students to read voluntarily.

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These experts in young peoples' reading select the monthly offerings of the Teen Age Book Club.

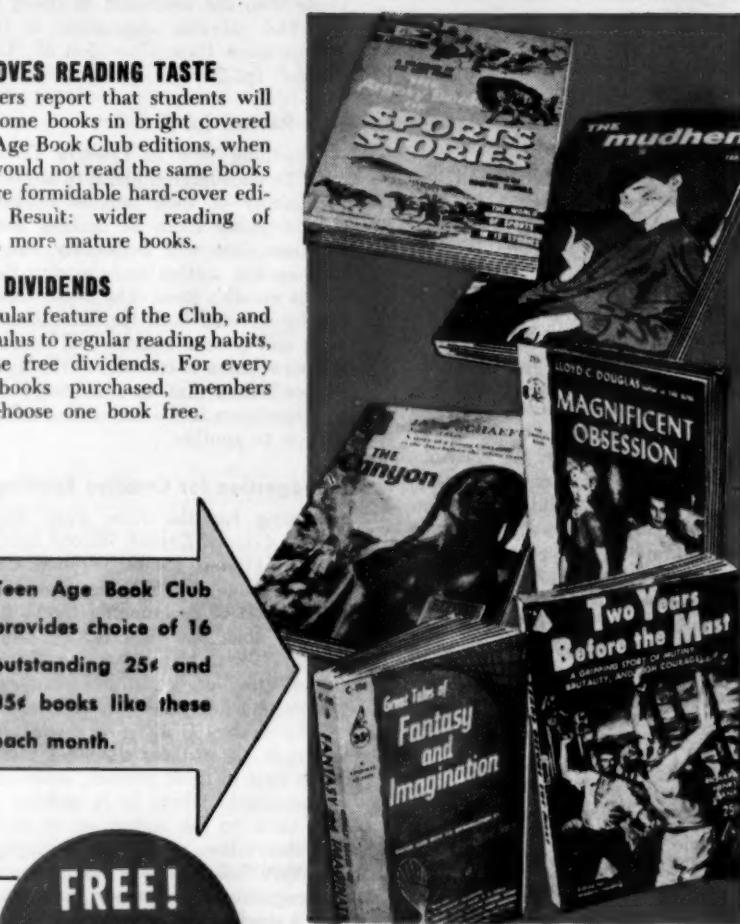
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E. LOUISE NOYES, Head of English Department, Santa Barbara High School, Santa Barbara, California; Member of Curriculum Commission of National Council of Teachers of English.

MARK A. NEVILLE, Past President National Council of Teachers; Headmaster Chicago Latin School, Chicago, Ill.

MARGARET SCOGGIN, Young Peoples' Specialist, New York Public Library; Instructor, Library School, St. John's University, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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